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THE COMIC NATURAL HISTORY.



Lith in colors by Rosenthal.

THE MEN THAT HATCHED THIS EGG.

SIGNED & ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY L. STEPHENS.

PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL ROBINSON.

THE
COMIC
NATURAL HISTORY
OF THE
HUMAN RACE:

DESIGNED AND ILLUSTRATED BY

HENRY L. STEPHENS.

PHILADELPHIA:
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P R E F A C E .

It is common-place to talk of this being the age of wonders; we shall not therefore insist upon it in this our Preface; but will only hint our entire conformity to such prevalent idea, and inform the public at once that we are about to give some illustrations of it.

In various aspects of their ever-changing, phantasmagorical, kaleideiscopical or transmigratorial characters, we have some fancies, which we shall show in such a strong light as no dissolving view or master-piece of fireworks ever begun to approach. Transmigration is held to be very marvellous, even abstractly as a doctrine only; and we associate with it ideas of idolatrous ram-worshipping Hindoos, and other far-off outsiders, but we have discovered it to commonly happen close at home. We shall show, amongst many other important things, some of the shapes into which men try, and rather successfully too, to transform themselves.

Such neglected branches of Philosophy and Natural History open to our investigation that we have ample choice of the

desirable qualities of novelty and richness of subject, but all shall be accommodated, and receive impartial treatment at the hands of both designer and editor. The little Widow bird, none the worse of it,—the foolish Gudgeon, easily hooked,—the jolly old Cock, redolent of good living and fatness,—the big Shark, in good preservation and a blue coat,—the Sonny fish, and the unchangeable Sucker—we have got them all. We are great at Fishes.

Birds too—also quadrupeds, we consider ourselves now quite familiar with, the latter rather particularly so; though we by no means wish to insinuate that we have discovered in men anything like a general tendency to make beasts of themselves, and beg leave now once for all to distinctly inculcate, that such is not general but special, as we shall proceed to show in the course of our book.

We did intend to be entirely and exclusively original, and so do intend yet; but having continued to push our historical and Archæological examinations to such extent as we deemed necessary, and in fact indispensable for the accuracy of this our great work, we have found ourselves anticipated by a few years, at a place called Nineveh, which appears to be a city built under ground, as they make a great fuss about digging it out. We cannot see though, that it is much of a place, probably a quarry or some sort of a mine, the mouth of which has got stopped up. At any rate, it appears that men, changed into Lions, and Eagles, and Bulls, have been found there, so that we are forced to the conclusion, that the curious

transformations which we have observed, and are now about to illustrate, have taken place also elsewhere, and we are glad of this conclusive confirmation. The former two descriptions of animals we have not met with, for certain, though we have seen various attempts at one of them. It is called Lionizing, but is generally extraordinarily unsuccessful. We have no Eagles,—plenty of soaring individuals, but they generally can't do it; and as for their piercing eyes, sharp-sightedness, and penetration, and all that sort of thing, there's nothing in them of any account. We ought not to say, however, in such an unqualified manner, that there are no eagles here; there are some, but they are very different from anything in our line. Once we had one of them in our possession,—it was a queer little circular affair, and the way it flew off was a caution: never returned, and we only remember it as a droll incident in our life. This happened a long time ago; and we had almost begun to think there were no such things now-a-days, but upon consulting our artist, he also remembers one occasion upon which he actually saw exactly this same kind of an Eagle. We shall have to drop its history, though, not being sufficiently familiar with it, adding, that we hope our patrons are.

Of the last-named animal found at Nineveh, we have seen plenty of specimens, and beg to assure our readers, that, about him, we shall have something choice to say.

We are particular in thus alluding to the remarkable discoveries turned out at the city of Nineveh,—by the way, it is

a mistake to call it a city—we insist that it and Herclaneum too, are only boroughs,—because we would, above all things, dislike to be considered plagiarists. Should, however, any of the distinguished artists of that city, then, ever come this way, we shall be glad to see them,—Nebuchadnezzar especially, he being the only one of the gentlemen whom we have the honor to know by name. We will treat him or them, certainly, to the best we have,—but no floating gardens or any thing of that sort—much as we can do to keep ourselves afloat.

THE EDITOR.





JAIL BIRD.

THE JAIL BIRD.

(VAGABUNDUS LIMBO-COLUS.)

WITH the most profound respect for Audubon, Prince of Ornithologists, we are yet obliged, from a keen sense of duty, to haul him over the coals for his omission from his otherwise faultless work upon the Birds of America, of the well-known bird so frequently found in the purlieus of the Court of Quarter Sessions; a capital likeness of one of the most beautiful of the species is here presented from the pencil of our artist.

To those whose daily avocations call them to that "sweet sequestered spot," the distinctive features of the Jail Bird will be familiar; of unknown parentage, belonging to no particular clime, reckless alike of the bitter frosts of winter, or the intense heat of summer, this bird loves to nestle in its simplicity within the very portals of the Temple.

Cherished as it is by all with whom its scaly plumage comes in contact; petted and admired; often taken by hand to be confined in a cage, under the vain hope that it may learn to change its tune; one would suppose, that once free from the iron bars against which for a brief period it flaps its wings, it would seek some more genial spot, where the ingratitude of man would not be able to reach and bind

in fetters, galling to the soul, the free spirit of a creature once pure and holy as are such touched with the Godhead's finger.

Distantly related to the Magpie and the Raven, the Jail Bird, with the modesty peculiar to itself, seeks, but in its quiet way, to appropriate the trifling things that may lie in its path; but unlike those birds, it scorns to pilfer for the mere enjoyment of the theft, but with a laudable desire to further the free-trade theory of an exchange of commodities,—what it takes from one quarter it speedily transfers to another, deriving some little benefit from the exchange. On such occasions it is usually found near a *fence*, and sometimes it has been heard audibly to chirp, (at least so *our uncle*, who is a great bird fancier, informs us),

“That’s the ticket.”

Unlike the hawk, it does not “stoop from its quarry on high.” If it were so, in truth, less frequent would be its appearances in that Arcadian retreat at Sixth and Chestnut streets; but the simple fool, guiltless of such ambitious flights, circles round and round the charmed spot until it falls into the mouth of the destroyer.

The hawk, nobler and more elevated in its pursuits, in the judgment of the keepers of the Aviary before mentioned, disdains the trivial pursuits of the Jail Bird.

Assuming at times the shape of a Bank Director, Trustee, Guardian, &c.; it either “wings from the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,” or with desperate energy sweeps away in one fell swoop the life-long, blood-bought earnings of the widow and the orphan. For such the fine drawn net of justice is put in requisition: but the texture thereof is frequently found too weak to keep the bird secure, thus rarely meshed.

The Jail Bird, when young and friendless, destitute of all resources but such as the wise beneficence of the law, and the daily temptations thrown in the path of poverty offer to it, when first caught, is kindly offered a House of Refuge. In such cases, after a suitable length of

time, and the exercise of Christian care, it emerges with a disposition to fulfil an honorable position among the working songsters, a disposition which is sometimes checked, and often conquered, by the coldness with which such endeavors are met from those whose rigid virtue calls upon them to press back the warm and trusting heart of the reclaimed offender, seeking for aid and counsel, and pharisee-like exclaim, "Stand aside, I am holier than thou!"

Oh, in these days of Christian charity and benevolence, it might be worth a thought among the wise ones whose brains are addled with cent.-per-cent. speculations, Tariffs, and improved legislation, to spare a few moments to the consideration of the weak and erring.

Far, far o'er the waters speeds the good ship carrying the glad tidings to the heathen. Freely is the gold poured out from the high seats in the Synagogue to clothe the little savages in the Pacific Islands in flannel jackets—while, within sound of the hearths of the givers, and beneath their feet, from the abodes of poverty, wretchedness and despair, the wailing cry of a weary soul ascends above, unheeded and uncared for.

True it is, that recently a few good and brave hearts have set themselves unto the work of regeneration, in the belief that much of ignorance and misery at our very doors can be alleviated without wandering thousands of miles to seek for it in a foreign land. To them we look forward, in confidence and hope, that the day is not far distant, when, by the aid of judicious care, and advice rightfully administered; by the daily seeking in the haunts of poverty and disease, and rescuing the young and ignorant from the contaminating influence of vice; we may yet exclaim, not "that there's a good time a coming," but that a good time has come. Then shall we learn that plenty of free baths and public schools, to cleanse the poor from their physical and moral degradation, will do more towards the extinguishment of crime, than the Court of Quarter Sessions, or Smithsonian Institutes.

W. A. S.





THE LEGAL BIRD.

(JURISPERITUS VOX POPULI.)

THIS bird is of very ancient origin.—There is an old book, that seems much liked in courts, as most folks *kiss* it there, which refers to these birds, under the name of *Lawyers*. We do not know if any were with “Noah,” but we rather think there was, as we believe Noah took “private counsel,” either in the Ark, or before “*he made an assignment*,” of his “freight.”—The Ark was a total loss, as it was never “worthy” of the “sea” again, so there was a general “average.” But this dont matter much.—One thing is certain, that the “*Old Testament*”-s or rather, the oldest testaments, we know of, were “*drawn up*” by some of this species of birds. If, therefore, this bird was in “*full feather*,” before the Old Testament, it is at least reasonable to suppose it was a “JEW”rist.

This Bird belongs to a large family. Of the species, many have feathers, some have none. They all have bills either very long or very short; the longest are “*bills in Equity*,” because they are required to penetrate through the ‘Law’ to discover ‘wherein it is deficient.’ These bills, owing to their great length, are sometimes “*filed*,” but if that operation was ever known to *reduce the size*, we leave to some “FILE-osopher” to answer. This particular bird, here represented, has a peculiaristic—it never “*flies*,” it always W-*aux*. How it got on that limb, can only be accounted for by the fact, that it is a “limb of the Law.” This point having been thus made “in LIM-ine,” it seems to require notice. The Legal Bird inhabits “*Courts*,” though it does not build its nest there. It only feeds out of the Courts.

One of these Courts is called—"the *Orphan's Court*," why we do not exactly understand, unless it arises from the fact that no one ever heard of its having a *Father and Mother*—orphans have no Father or Mother. Another is called "*the Common Pleas*"—derived from the principle, that it is 'common' for all people to say "*please*" when they ask a favor—and because he is lucky who has a "friend at Court." The rule in this Court is, that every day the Crier proclaims "O! yes" three times, in answer to the 'please' which have become so 'common.' Another Court is styled the "*Oyer and Terminer*"—which in old times was translated to 'Hear and Determine;' but the great progress of the age has improved this, for now they 'Determine,' and it don't matter much, whether they 'hear' or not—a Sin of omission which is daily felt by the Court, from the fact, as we suspect, that its Crier proclaims "God save the Honorable Court"—a pious "*precept*," indicating that it requires some such help.

This Bird "*FEE-ds*" out of these Courts. Its appetite is singular. It is "*grain-ivorous*" when it picks up "*pre-SEED ents*" out of old books, and like food off the "Lands" of "*De-SEED ents*." It is 'carnivorous' when it gets the 'pound of flesh,' which it sometimes does in seeking after the 'pence'—on the principle, that if you "take care of the pounds, the pence will take of themselves"—a truism, as both pounds and pence 'take care' never to get in the way of this bird if they can help it. When two of these birds are on 'opposite sides,' they then '*meat*,' because there is a '*stake*' in the issue, and as a natural consequence they "*stick it into the ribs*" of somebody: hence this bird is called 'carnivorous.' It may be presumed that this bird has great powers of '*digest-ion*.' In the earlier years of its life it devours '*Coke*' and '*Black-Stone*,' which latter we presume is the 'black-letter' name for 'anthracite' or 'Stone Coal.' The quantity is not very large, however, as both are measured upon "*Little-ton*." In order to lubricate its palate for these solids, it washes down with "*W-iners' Abridgement*:" we do not exactly understand in what a *winer's abridgment* consists, whether it relates to the frequency or quantity of the "Nips." One

thing is certain, it does not “drain, drain the wine-cup,” for we hear much said about ‘*Remainders*,’—which, we presume, is but another term for ‘*heel-taps*.’

This bird is often exhibited in ‘*cases*.’ birds when stuffed are ‘exhibited in cases’ as a general rule—but the kind of cases differ.

At one time this bird shows itself in a ‘PATENT CASE,’ as, when the question arises which is the ‘*patent*,’ and which is the ‘*case*.’ Then in a ‘SUMMON’S CASE,’ in which case it is a ‘*call-bird*.’ Next, in a ‘WILL CASE,” when it shows its propriety by never exhibiting a ‘*will of its own*.’ Frequently it is in an “EJECTMENT CASE,” when it is to be decided whether it ‘*goes out*’ or ‘*stays-in*.’ We have seen this bird in an “APPRENTICE CASE,” but could never exactly comprehend whether the ‘*case*’ made the ‘*apprentice*’ or the ‘*apprentice* made the ‘*case*.’ we leave the decision of this case until we hear (what) “*the Judge-MEANT*.”

This bird sometimes gets “*its blood-up*,” and then it is exhibited in a “*Homicide Case*.” this is a wonderful exhibition. This case often “hangs”-up, and then it is unquestionably “A” ‘*case*.’ It is a rich case when it is a case of “*gilt*”—but when it is “NOT GILTY,” it is a *poor* case, for then it is a “*mis de MEAN er*” case. It is very remarkable that when the Jury can’t agree as to the case, they say the “*Jury’s hung* ;” but when the Jury does agree, somebody else is “HUNG—but what would turn up if they ‘*all hang-together*’ we don’t know, rather guess it would be a ‘*a feet*.’

The legal bird in these ‘*cases*’ is very loquacious ; it “speaks” often, and is not unfrequently known to put in its “*rejoinder*” and “*sur-rejoinder* ;” and even when done sur-rejoinder, it sometimes adds a “*postea*”—this last word we don’t exactly understand, not being ‘*post-ed*,’ but suppose it is the ‘*law-latin*’ for ‘Sticking a pin there,’ which, in vulgar parlance, is interpreted—‘Mark that !’

Superadded to its loquaciousness, it is fond of ‘Gossip’—it is ever quoting some “*Reports*” of Mr. ‘Binney,’ or ‘Rawle,’ or ‘Dallas,’ or ‘Sergeant,’ or ‘Watts,’ or ‘Barr’—we have known it to speak of as many

as "*seventeen*" '*reports*' of some of these '*old-covey's*.' We do not know whether they were ever traced to any reliable source, but we have heard that they proceeded as far in the investigation as a "*court of last resort*," which means, we opine, that they are at '*last resort*' for finding whether the reports are true or not.

From these remarks it would be naturally inquired, what was the example of this bird on society? We answer this "*interrogatory*" in 'one word'—he can "*open*" and "*sum-up*" on 'this point,' by remarking, that its example is '*decided*'-ly "*in-JURY-ous*"—why or wherefore is of no consequence. Our '*Verdict*' is like all others, they '*find*' in a Verdict—and we have "*found*" our "*answer*." In the further development of the Natural History of this bird, we must speak of its "*motions*," which are always by "*rule*." It "*moves*" "*to take off*" a "*NON SUIT*"—that is, when its "*Suit*" of Clothes dont '*fit*,' it moves to take them off; sometimes they come off, sometimes they do not, then it '*moves*' for a "*NEW TRIAL*." But we don't know whether the '*new trial*' refers to the effort to get off the clothes, or to make the Suit fit. This bird '*plumes*' itself chiefly in these '*motions*,' and so we suspect it does "*matter the toss of a feather*."

The voice of the legal bird is worthy of '*note*.' it sings almost any '*tune*.' It takes its "*Q*" after O. P., when these letters stand for open purse. It omits the vowels I. O. U., thus united, in its '*notes*.' Its voice is a "*BAR-i-tone*," often "*plaintiff*" and always "*fee*"-ling.

We have given a synopsis of the natural history of the "*Attorney, or Legal Bird*." Our style is neither too "*high flown*" nor too "*wordy*," great defects in the style of most authors. In this respect, we have '*winged*' our course' clear of the '*shots*.' and those who wish '*to make sport-men*' of themselves by "*Rail*"-ing at us, thus going beyond their depth and getting '*Duck-ed*.'

Our style is becoming the subject on which we write—the learned "*PUN*"-dit of the Law—for all "*Philadelphia Lawyers*" are "*pun*"-sters, which means '*pun-dits*.' We have at least "*tried*" to make our '*notice*' as "*pun*"-gent as possible to '*Suit*' all "*Clients*."



GIRAFFE.

THE GIRAFFE.

(CAMELEOPARDALIS JAKEYI.)

HE'S one of 'em, *he* is—nothin' shorter; born in Spring Garden and bound to be a Butcher.

This, Ladies and Gentlemen, is what he has grown to,—a perfect Giraffe. This animal is frequently met with in all our cities, but most especially in the highly-cultivated and rich pastures peculiar to the great centres of American civilization, New York and Philadelphia. In the latter, we infer from our personal investigations that he attains his greatest perfection, having roamed without restrictions inconvenient to him, until latterly. We say *latterly*, for we have not seen him of late, and his time, we much fear, has come suddenly—too suddenly perhaps, and he may be only frightened, and playing 'possum; but it really appears at present that the Giraffe is dead;—poor Giraffe!

Now we think of it—how came we never to think of it before?—our artist and we were lucky in securing the portrait of such a splendid specimen before the breed ran out, or became extinct, or whatever else is the matter. We pronounce him a prime lot, from the scientific set of that tile of his; or, from the perfect drill of that soap-lock, to the highly ornamental knot in his tail, we say he's a prime 'un, *he* is.

The Giraffe has a peculiarly long neck, as may be observed in our plate. The reason for this is, as we have ascertained, that in his native country he subsists upon the branches and twigs of trees, and must have a long neck to reach them, because he couldn't do so without.

These twigs and branches he takes hold of with a long tongue, or in other words, by a process which may be termed licking in,—which we have no doubt has been corrupted into whipping-in, or kicking-in; terms indispensable to the vocabulary of politicians, and of great importance to be studied and well understood, especially about election times: hence we claim the credit of pointing out their true meaning and derivation.

Our home-bred, and partly tamed Giraffe has exactly the same disposition; but, as there are no twigs, nor bushes, nor many trees here, he does the best he can without, or more generally takes to a substitute, and licks energetically at the stump of a segar, or if that wont do, he tries to lick something or somebody else. Or, to show how fully he can accommodate himself to circumstances, and the wide room there is for him to thrive, we will mention another alternative—he takes to lick-er, which seems to answer as well, as he flourishes upon it almost exclusively in the localities above mentioned.

And this brings us to another department of our business, or rather of our intentions—for we intend that the public shall have the full benefit of our laborious investigations, and consequent knowledge—this brings us to point out the method of managing him when he gets obstropolis—or when a herd of them get so—all they want is licking—that's all—do that to them, and they will all go away peaceably.

We do not wish to be understood as saying, though, that there are no trees here,—there are some in the Washington Square; but all the lower branches are carefully sawed off every Spring, and the reason must be, that the Giraffes lick them too strongly. We don't know any other;—perhaps Patrick does, under whose advice it is done.

The Giraffe is a very harmless animal when very young—we may

as well say we never saw a very old one—we suspect further transformation takes place, and he comes out something else—when young, however, he is very harmless. He is fond of a noise though, and runs in the street, giving out his peculiar note, which is an enormous blow—he is rather great at blowing; also likes the sound of bells equal to a Russian bear, at the ringing of which he starts up and makes off at the biggest kind of a trot—you would think so if you saw him. He gets in love, too; for there are female Giraffes and—but an idea strikes us. We have in our collection some poetry about that, and as it is vastly superior to anything upon this delicate subject which we can hope to perform, we will transcribe it.

We do not know the author, we wish we did, for he's a genius, *he* is. After mature reflection, we have concluded to rank him somewhere between Childe Harold and Shakspeare, no where else—so here it is:

LOVE IN THE BOWERY.

BY A B'HOY.

"The course of true love didn't never run smooth."—SHAKSPEARE: *Bowery edition*.

I seen her on the side walk,
 When I run with number 9:
 My eyes spontaneous sought out hern,
 And hern was fixed on mine.
 She waved her pocket handkircher
 As we went rushin' by,
 No boss that ever killed in York
 Was happier nor I.
 I felt that I had done it:
 And what had won her smile?
 'Twas them embroidered braces,
 And that immortal tile.

I sought her out at Wauxhall,
 Afore that place was shet;
 Oh, that happy, happy evenin'
 I recollex it yet!

I gin her cords of pea-nuts,
 And a apple, and a *wet* ;
 Oh, that happy, happy evenin'
 I never can forget !

I took her to the Bowery,
 She sat long side of me ;
 They acted out a piece they called,
 "The Wizard of the Sea."
 And when the sea fight was foted on,
 My love she cried "Hay! hay!"
 And like so many minutes there
 Five hours passed away.

Before the bridle halter
 I thought to call her mine,
 The day was fixed, when she to me
 Her hand and heart should jine.
 But, blow me!—if she didn't slip
 Her halter on that day,
 A pedlar from Connecticut,
 He sloped with her away.

Well, let it pass, there's other gals
 As beautiful as she,
 And many a butcher's lovely child
 Has cast sheep's eyes at me.
 I wears no crape upon my hat,
 'Cause I'm a packin' sent,
 I only takes an extra horn,
 Observing, "Let her went!"

C.





STAR FISH. *Forest*

th. of L. Rosenthal, Phila

THE STAR FISH.

(ASTER AMERICANUS.)

HE was a shrewd philosopher, who first discovered the profound truth that all the world is more or less mad—that genius is but a superior lunacy—and the height of human wisdom, but the refinement of folly. It is only by adopting his hypothesis that the vagaries of taste can be accounted for, or the eccentricities of fashion be explained. How fortunate that this lunar tendency generally exhibits itself in mild manias, or perversities of taste remarkable more for their ludicrousness than their danger. If the enthusiasm which is lavished upon trivial subjects were directed to more important affairs, the world might have reason to regret the “fantastic tricks” which its *bizarre* zeal might penetrate. A *pas seul* cost John the Baptist his head, and the “celebrated *danseuse*” of that day, by diverting Herod’s passion for frivolity—to a serious purpose, could doubtless have danced destruction throughout Judea.

The gentle lunacy that at the commencement of the last century expanded itself upon the cultivation of tulips, might have resulted disastrously to mankind, if a more dangerous subject had engaged its attention. The fashionable rage which—at a later date in Europe sacrificed Art to old china, might have created a revolution in the

political world if its energies had taken a political direction ; and who can tell what we should have had to deplore if the restless impulse which a few years back fermented in this nation, had not happily exploded in innocuous Silk-worm and Fanny Ellsler *furores*?

What but the natural malady of madness inherent in human nature, could have caused such eccentricities of enthusiasm—such fanaticisms of maladmiration? It must have its periodical vents of course, or mischief would ensue, and lucky is it for the world that this *cacoethes populi* manifests itself in general in ebullitions of ludicrous taste and nothing worse. In our day, its Fickle Sovereignty has seen fit to exalt the Histrionic into the noblest of all Arts or Professions—to regard an aptitude for mimicry as a development of the *mens divinator*—to reward its proficient on a scale of mad extravagance, and raise them into a ridiculous importance, which has no parallel on earth, except perhaps in the devout generosity of the natives of Guinea, who deify Parisian toys, and squander gold dust in the purchase, and in honor of these costly gods.

Favoritism is a besetting weakness of all Soverigns—it matters little whether the sovereignty is invested *in*, or established *over*, a people. His majesty The Million will indulge in the same monarchic follies as his majesty *of* The Million; and as King Louis, or Charles, of old time, exalted their favorite actors (costumed in motley with cap and bells,) to an equality with their courtiers and nobility; tolerated their foibles, allowed unbounded license to their actions, and right royally enriched them; so does his majesty King Populus of our day make a Pet of a Player—bow down in adoration before the Genius of Agility, developed in the legs of a *danseuse*—and elevate the Power of Lungs in a *primo tenore*, or *prima donna*, superior to all other gifts and acquirements. What is the *summum bonum* in this nineteenth century, judging by popular appreciation, and the estimation in which its professors are held? Theatrical acquirements! or, in the language of that quaint philosopher Hood, “A well-tuned larynx—a well-turned figure, or light fantastic toes, none the less ex-

cellent for being associated with light fantastic behaviour. A foreign bird," he continues, "will obtain as much for a night's warbling as a native bird can realize in a whole year; an actor will be paid a sum per night equal to the annual stipend of many a curate, and the income of an opera-dancer will exceed the revenue of a dignitary of the Church."

Perhaps this sudden caprice of fashion is the result of hasty repentance for the persecution of the members of this really worthy profession, in those times when they were declared by law to be "rogues and vagabonds." If so, it is carrying matters to the other extreme, by endeavoring to elevate an unoffending victim from the depths of unjust reproach, to the height of undeserved absurdity. As for society itself, it is perhaps but just that it should atone for a senseless crime by a ridiculous expiation. The fatuity of folly is a choice weapon of Nemesis.

Not that any blame attaches to the Actor for the false position into which he is for the present thrust. Far from it; for though constitutionally among the most sanguine of men, and the most liberal-minded as to his own deserts, we question if the leading "Stars" of a hundred years ago, in the wildest moments of imagination, could ever dream that a second or third-rate "great tragedian" should gain, by mere successful imitation of by-gone excellence, or mere variations of the stage-gamut of accentuation, or emphasis, or new tricks of gesticulation, a greater sum yearly than the salary of the President; should be hailed as a national prodigy, and acquire more immediate renown than a Poet, Author or Philosopher. He is no more to blame for such a freak of fashion, than were the bulb-roots for the fictitious value set upon them in the tulip mania.

The character of the Actor is *sui generis*. It is marked by no distinctive trait—he is

"Not one, but all mankind's epitome."

His education is peculiar. (We speak now of the Actor *par excel-*

lence, he who was born to the calling, and commencing his career as "call-boy," succeeds, after many years of labor, anxiety, poverty and dissipation, in attaining "a position.") A strange medley of green-room witticisms and play-book morality. Now personating a faultless hero, and again a successful villain; now a high-minded gentleman, and again a dashing and selfish *roué*, with his whole heart and faculties absorbed in the alternate characters; is it surprising that the individuality of the man is lost, and he becomes a strange anomaly of the virtues and vices, to the portrayal of which his life and energies are devoted? Whatever may be the effect of this education upon the better nature of the man, it at least endows him with a versatility of conduct unapproachable by any other. At one moment he treats his subordinates with all the despotism of a haughty yet very petty tyrant; at the next, paints his face, elaborates the hue of his nose, and bedaubs his eyebrows before humbly bowing for that applause in which his soul delights, but which he affects to despise.

It would be useless in these days to deny that none but the highest order of genius can achieve popularity upon the stage! Equally vain to question the propriety of regarding mimetic excellence as a development of High Art! The evidence of a thousand newspaper critics would overwhelm the man daring enough to advance so startling a dissent from the infallible *vox populi*. Genius never so abounded in the world as at present—never assumed such a variety of shapes. If in its characteristics and productions it differs a little from what we have been taught to venerate in its name—why *we* too differ from our forefathers, and let us hope that Genius has kept pace with the advancing spirit of the age. If the divine *afflatus* is less powerful, it is more disseminated, and as we advance, if it become less sacred, will it not be more democratic? And surely no sane man will question the superiority of the latter attribute. True, in the course of time, it may become so common, as to be contemptible from sheer familiarity. Still, there is an irresistible charm in its condescension—our warmest admiration is

excited when we see genius stoop to the common and frivolous pursuits of life—our hope of the future is strengthened—and when we see the God-like mind strutting in silver leather and tight fleshings, for the amusement of humanity, and a “clear half of the receipts,” we feel convinced that the day is not far distant when justice will be done to the inspired inventor of pinchbeck, and the “genius” of the “stage costumer” be recognized. As for Art, since the term “*Artiste*” has been charitably naturalized, and received into the mother language to gratify the vanity of aspiring barbers and second-rate fiddlers, it is difficult to define what are its limits, or its attributes—but an Actor has surely as good a right to the title of Artist, as a clairvoyant (the inspired of weak nerves) or a dancing master (the inspired of weak brains) to that of Professor. Art, instead of being the handmaid of Nature, is now—as far as we can understand it—her antagonist, and a triumphant one, too; hence sometimes, in a mood of satirical revenge, she suffers her “journeymen” to finish a perfect “*Artiste*,” refusing to add her own masterstroke to the work.

Genius is characterized by exquisite sensitiveness and acute susceptibility; these qualities, too, the Actor possesses equally with all his gifted brethren. Keats felt not more keenly the scathing of the Quarterly, than he does the satire of a penny paper.

Absorbed in the fulfilment of the sublime mission of his life, it is natural that the Actor should attach an exaggerated importance to it, and consider that all other acquirements, when compared with acting, should hold a subordinate rank. Hence he frequently assumes an arbitrary independence of the laws of criticism, and arrogates to himself a species of infallibility in defining the true conceptions of the Poet. He is impressed with the profound truth, that Shakspeare was a kind of useful hack, whose mission on earth was to furnish histrionic “Stars,” with crude ideas of character, which they, assisted by the appurtenances of the theatrical wardrobe and “property-room,” are at liberty to amplify, curtail or alter, as circumstances require, or expedience suggests. Thus we have

eminent Tragedians, and wandering Stars, whose knowledge of the sublime and beautiful was acquired "behind the scenes," with that daring which characterizes certain orders of genius—prompting its victims to "rush where angels fear to tread"—ruthlessly "adapting" the works of Shakspeare to their own calibre or necessities. And as in these days

"The value of a thing,
Is just as much as it will bring,"

and the Actor is a hundred times better paid than the Author, is it not evident, that in the same ratio he is more excellent? No one knows better than he, that Hamlet, without the aids derived from the Posture-Master, the Costumer and the Elocutionist, would be dull and insipid enough. He can appreciate a sublime burst of poetry as affording him an excellent opportunity for displaying his subtlety of "*reading*," the outpourings of passion supply him with chances for effective declamation; and delineations of the finer emotions of the heart furnish the means of "making points." The play of Hamlet with the part of Hamlet omitted, would not be tolerated by public taste; it prefers rather to see Hamlet with all the other characters unobtrusively kept in the back-ground—he takes advantage of the ruling fashion, and reaps his rich reward. The Author bows not before the public, he receives not the applause of pit and gallery; he is a creature whose brain can be coined by "advertisement," and his small meed of praise is lost in the dazzling glories of the "*Artiste*." He may yet be revenged by another eccentricity of taste. A rage for *Pantomime* may succeed that for panting and pausing. Repose is grateful after excitement; the reign of silent action may commence; Hamlet may be reduced to a *ballet*; *Macbeth* to a pantomime; the Posture-Master be elevated above the Tragedian, and Melpomene be revenged for her outraged laws. It would be sad to witness, though a just retribution. The Profession is privileged to "break Priscian's

head," and the operation merely evokes a smile; but when an Actor,

"Towering in his pride of place,"

—like the Eagle (a transmigrated "Star" we fancy,) that broke the head of Æschylus to enable him to get at his dinner—metaphorically knocks the father of modern tragedy on the head by perverting the issue of his brains, it almost justifies a still greater eccentricity of taste than that which has exalted him into a buskined oracle, to displace him from a false elevation.

But "success is the true test of merit." Grant this, and the Actor, the Opera Singer, and Barnum are the most meritorious of men. An acute observer, however, can perceive, in the most trivial developments of the age, a lesson or a warning, rebuking its follies or threatening its crimes. Sometimes it is given in a vein of mild, satirical allegory, sometimes a dire catastrophe startles the nations. To the former class belongs the creation of Tom Thumb. The smallest yet greatest hoax ever yet perpetrated by nature, to illustrate, in her own satirical way, by the *reductio ad absurdum*, the fallacy of the doctrine that indiscriminately awards merit to success. Mark with what bitter irony, too, she prompted some one of her human accomplices to dub him "General!" It is recorded as an honorable fact, that royalty once condescended to pick up the pencil of Titian. How far greater than Titian must he be whom royalty of both sexes has kissed and hugged *ad nauseam*? Oh, that he had been presented with a cross of the "legion of honor!" Verily Tom Thumb had a mission to perform, and nobly has he performed it.





MILLINER BIRD.

THE MILLINER BIRD.

(MILLINARIA DULCIS.)

Oh ! have you ne'er heard
Of the Milliner bird,
Who sings like a linnet from morning till night,
With her voice ever fresh, and her smile ever bright,
And her plumage unruffled, so tasty, and quite
The envy of those,
Who turn up their nose,
At the pert little creature whom nobody knows,
In the circles where all is but "*couleur de rose* ;"
But you may suppose
As the singing bird sews,
And fixes the rows
Of the dear little bows,
So tastily over the "love of a bonnet,"
With the heart of an artist, her thought is upon it,
And not on the sneers,
Or the winks, or the jeers
Of those of her sex, so well versed in propriety,
Who would dote on her taste, but scorn her society.

She's up in the morning, be sure, with the lark,
Although she "sits up" half the night with her spark,
Who's a tight little fellow, so neat and so clean,
Who wears a red shirt, and scorns anything mean,
And is "bound" when she's out, to be with "de machine;"
But he's honest and true,
(Mr. Reader, are you?)

And to purchase the sole right to "E-lizar's smile,"
He works early and late, "for to save up a pile;"
He's a whole-hearted lover, not a bit of a rake he,
Though he makes up a study from which Owens "played Jakey."

She's out in the street with her little band-box,
With her eyes peeping round her, demure as a fox,
And she sees by her side the fellow that thought her,
One night at the play, no better than she ought to
Be, when she sat in her pride,
With Jake by her side,
Who looked at the fellow so ripe and so mellow,
And swore he would "lam him" until he would bellow,
Like an ox,
With the knocks
Of Keyser so brave, when he handles the cleaver,
And such is the "sass" he would give the deceiver.

She dotes on the "Red coats," and says Jake was sensible,
When he left off the "Greys" and became a "State Fencible!"
(Now here'll be "a muss," so look out Mr. Editor,
You're to father the sins, so don't give me the credit, or,
Instead of praise,
Maybe one of the "Greys"
Will come to my office one of these very fine days,
Give me a punch in the head, and tear off my green ba(ize)ys!

As a peace man, of course, I won't get in a rage,
 But I'll trouble you sir to employ Captain Page,
 Who though soldier, is lawyer, and I know'll take a fee,
 And help us to settle the "assault and battery.")

But, "*Revenons*

A nos moutons,"

Which means, (if we have a thought above buttons,)
 To return to your subject, as the French say, *your muttons* ;

She goes to a ball,

With her beau, at the Hall

Of the Musical Fund, the Museum, or Sansom street,
 'Tis no matter which, where she twinkles her handsome feet,
 And she thinks of the time,

In her mother's young prime,

E'er the Polka was danced, or Mazourka invented,
 (To make people fly round as if demented,)

And she says, with her beau,

That "them times was slow,"

For she so loves "to Polka," though Jake's "a mite" jealous,
 Of one of "them mustycheered dandified fellers."

Sweet—"Go to the devil!

—Oh, come now! be civil!"

Said a voice at our elbow, a hand on our chair,
 We turned, and we saw, that the devil was there.

As the devil is here at our side, why then we,

Must furnish the fiend with all our copy,

Here's an end to my subject, "Good night, my sweet bird!"—

"Here, Imp, take the copy"—he did—but ne'er stirred—

"Farewell, my dear bird"—zounds! still the imp lingers—

With his thumb on his nose, he is working his fingers!

W. A. S.

NOTE.—I didn't do nothink! I wish I'd been and gone and done suthink tho', wen you sed that thing about yer "green bays." If yer wants to veare the *baize*, vy dont yer go fur to 'ply fur the "Poick Lorrit" of Queen Wictoria? Say? Vy dont yer go and zibit yerself at the Vorld's fair?—You're a poick, you are! Oh!

PRINTER'S DEVIL.



MARK.

THE LARK.

(ALAUDA NOCTIVAGANS.)

WELL do we remember our boyhood's days, when the injunction that good boys should rise with the lark, if they wished to prosper in this world; was served up to us with our daily breakfast. But singular as it may appear, although we always retired well-filled with good resolutions, we invariably found our courage oozing out of our fingers ends, Bob-Acres like, in the morning. This, our readers may be assured, was a frequent source of grief to us in our days of jacketdom; but on arriving at maturer years, "getting no better very fast," we have been strengthened and encouraged in our daily backslidings by frequent recurrence to the well known anecdote of Chief Justice O'Grady and his hopeful son:

"Get up Jack," said the Chief Justice, "the early bird catches the worm."

"Serves the worm right for getting up so early," replied young hopeful.

"Ye wyche," saith the ancient chronicler Pepys, "was a pregnynte and ryghte wittie replie."

As for the lark, which is no doubt the early bird referred to by the Chief Justice, we have caught several of them in our day, and have been on terms of intimacy with many in the merry season of youth; we purpose showing in this paper the specimen we refer to, and

which our readers will observe, resembles in many prominent points, the bird known by the name of the lark in the writings of the various ornithologists, though hitherto unknown to Wilson or Audubon. The fidelity of the likeness may be depended upon, as it was drawn on the spot by our artist from a rare specimen in the hands of a watchman "early in the morning."

Wilson, speaking of the lark, observes: "In this genus of birds the bill is straight, slender, bending a little towards the end, and sharp-pointed." The bill of the man lark, on the contrary, is generally large and of great length; we have seen several, however, that looked as if they had been suddenly "cut short." There are several species of the lark, the man lark, however, combines the principal features of them all.

"The sky-lark commences his song early in the Spring, and continues it during the whole of the Summer, and is one of those few birds that chant whilst on the wing."

As to the time of year in which the man-lark commences his song, it is immaterial to him; he knows no seasons, and chants indifferently well, either at night or in the morning early.

"When the sky-lark first rises from the earth its notes are feeble and interrupted; as it ascends, however, they gradually swell to their full tone, and long after the bird has reached a height where it is lost to the eye, it still continues to charm the ear with its melody."

The man-lark never touches the earth until he is overcome with the excess of his emotions, then his notes are feeble and interrupted. Before arriving at a horizontal position, he indulges in a series of melodious strains, not calculated to charm the ear, but on the contrary, to disturb the peace of the Commonwealth, as well as the equanimity and temper of quiet citizens who wish to indulge in "a wink of the balmy" at midnight.

"The sky-lark mounts almost perpendicularly, and by successive springs, and descends in an oblique direction, unless threatened with danger, when it drops like a stone."

The man-lark rises perpendicularly, if he can, and also indulges in successive springs, until stopped by the summary proceedings of the night bird, whose duty it is "*to watch and prey.*" He descends also very frequently in an oblique direction, but when threatened with danger, runs, if he is able—but after having been on "*a flyer,*" finds it somewhat difficult.

"The female forms her nest on the ground, generally between two clods of earth, and lines it with dry grass."

The man-lark finds his nest ready made, and it is a matter of indifference to the "clod" whether he "rests his head upon a lap of earth," or indulges in a soft and balmy repose upon a cellar door.—Never having examined his nest, we cannot speak with certainty as to the lining, although we have often heard him told to "get out of that high grass!" It is to be presumed in this respect he agrees with the sky-lark.

"In the Autumn, when these birds assemble in flocks they are taken in vast numbers."

As to the points of resemblance with the man-lark, see 10 Swift's Rep.; 1 Jones' Cond. Rep.; 1 Gilpin's Dig.

"The wood-lark is generally found near the borders of woods, perches on trees, and sings during the night, so as sometimes to be mistaken for the nightingale."

The man-lark prefers cities, perches any where, sings at any time, and can always be distinguished from the nightingale.

Eschewing brilliant and complicated airs, he indulges in simple and touching melodies, applicable both to time and place, such as, "Landlord, fill the flowing bowl;" "We won't go home till morning;" and ending in a state of semi-consciousness while being escorted by a guard of honor to his night's repose, with "Carry me back."

"The wood-lark is of a reddish drab color, with a whitish tint beneath; a broad patch on the breast and under each eye, as well as the lateral tail feathers black."

The face of the man-lark is of a similar color, inclining more to

the reddish, a spot or patch on the pantaloons instead of the breast, and one or two under each eye, or sometimes only one. These *features*, however, rarely appear until the close of the night, or on the following morning. The lateral tail feathers are of various hues, and generally draggled.

"The brown-lark is found in open fields, cultivated grounds, &c., near the water, and feeds exclusively on insects." Not so with the man-lark, who is of city growth, and who is ever found nearer to brandy and water, which he assiduously mingles, and absorbs in the proportion of ten to one;—"Very little water, if you please; hold up! do you want to drown it?" The "it" of course referring to the brandy, and not to the insects in the water, against whom he wages a determined war; agreeing in that respect, with the celebrated Jonathan Sucker, [1 Finn's Com. Alm. H. Rep. 192,] of whom it was felicitously observed by C. J. Van Dunck, in the well known Zuyder-Zee case, "That of water alone he drinks no more than a rose supplies its own dew on a summer's morn."

Of a bird so frequently met with, we feel it is unnecessary to say any thing more. For the information of those who have not "travelled" as extensively as a majority of the youth of this city, we beg leave to append the authorities from which we have derived our knowledge.—1 Mino's Rep. Bender's edition, [Star page] 120.—Cobler *vs.* Smasher, 5 Guy's Dig. 156.—Nips *vs.* Blizzard, 4 Pelletier Rep. 200.—15 Mooney, 225. [Every page of this work is replete with information, and may be studied with advantage by every student.]—Swift's Rep. 1 to 10.—1 Gilpin's Rep. 65.—7 Parsons' Rep. C. Q. S. [A most excellent work.]

In conclusion we would observe, we have retired from the Professorship! If, therefore, any aspiring youth wishes to know more of this subject, a careful study of the above authorities, will bring him in contact with many earnest and learned students, who will show him at any time, at a reasonable expense, how "to train up a child, and away he goes."

W. A. S.





Lith in colors by L. Rosenthal Phil^a.

KING BIRD.

THE KING BIRD.

(TYPOGRAPHUS JOCOSUS. KINGEN B(A)IRD.—VUL.)

As printing is the Queen of all arts, so we think it ought to follow that the printer is King amongst artizans. Whether or not, this much is certain, our bird is King amongst printers.

Printing has always had something of mystery about it—it is so very odd that little pieces of metal can be made to talk so boldly, or rather ring so loudly, that the tone once given never ceases. That dead men tell no tales remains yet a proverb, though we propose to have it abolished immediately: the longest tales we know of are told by men dead long ago. What do you think of Sinbad the sailor? It is a long time since he subsided, poor fellow, yet his tales maintain their hold astride of this wise world's shoulders equal to that of the Old Man of the Sea, in the most obstinate of the fits recorded of him. You may thank the types for it, Sinbad.

Printing is a sort of abstract speech, all gesticulations omitted—all manipulatory sawings and sign makings, and enforcing nods of the head. Not understanding this principle, old Frenchmen and Indians would make bad printers.

Printing then is a sort of conversation especially contrived for the gratification of garrulous persons, either totally extinct or partially

so, by which they can have the benefit of the last word to the last generations, and nobody to contradict them—for there appears to be as yet no way of talking back at them. There they have a decided advantage, rather unfairly we think; for the liberty of lecturing the world without being called upon for explanations, though very convenient, and often, very often assumed, can now-a-days be indulged in only on this sole condition, most carefully observed: viz. that the world shall not hear you. It asks such inconvenient questions of you,—but only to contemporaries,—have patience, you shall have all you ask without reciprocation. What a gratification it would be, though, to have the privilege of asking Methuselah what his opinions were of things in general!—or of obtaining from Solomon his views as to how a man is to pay his debts when he has no money, which interesting item of information he forgot to record! It's no go—it is very easy to call up spirits from the vasty deep, but quite another business to make them come—it's no go!

Did we understand you, sir, to suggest knockings? Pshaw, pshaw—our faith is in *pullings*, not in knockings: one sturdy pull of the printing press is worth forty thousand of them—it would be a deplorable bargain to give it in exchange for all the knockings ever inflicted on the soft nose of fatuitous credulity.

From the time of John Faust, favorably mentioned by Goethe, to that of the old lady with the firm faith who wished to wait until she could have a new Bible printed, due importance has been awarded to the types, but no more than they deserve.

Especially of late years, when the far-stretching tendrils of the press are reaching every where.

The modern press is the greatest miracle yet performed by us latter-day saints.

The planets would have revolved as punctually without being named or their courses predicted; raw mutton might have done as well had roasting never been invented. We wish to undervalue nothing though, but to keep due respect for all the sciences, and especially

those of practical importance, such as astronomy and gastronomy ; but this we do insist on, that the penny paper is the noblest breakfast yet devised by genius for hungering bound to rise, or lately risen humanity.

Thank you, sir, for the suggestion. Certainly, Madam, with a fair allowance of ham and eggs—not otherwise by any means ; we did not mean any such thing ; so far from it, we now most willingly give in coffee and bread and butter. So we stand corrected, coffee, bread and butter, ham and eggs, *and* the penny paper are the constituents of the great breakfast which we think may be considered as of properly impressive signification.

But the paper is the most important item.

You talk to yourself for want of better society ; or, more probably ill naturedly—for much the larger amount of soliloquizing is done by persons who are not on good terms with themselves more than half of the time ; or you venture some comments on the musical abilities of your favorite cat, especially touching the conspicuous part he sustained in the catarrh concert under your window last evening, and the unseasonable or altogether unjustifiable hour at which it came off. Have a care !—the statute against eaves-dropping is clearly obsolete—your soliloquy or *critique* (no doubt a good one) may turn out to be the loudest talking you ever did—the far-reaching tendrils of the press have got you ; forthwith, swift shuttle-like fingers are in motion, and your talk has become louder than if it had been performed on the biggest bass drum you ever saw, or most scientifically blown on the deepest toned bassoon, or 'a valve trumpet of the highest key.

And irrevocably, too, there is no taking it back. As we hinted above, you may call it, but it wont come ; your idea has taken new gnome-like gossamer wings, and flown forever to the future.

You have heard of the indestructibility of matter—that the world is not the most minute fraction of a grain lighter now than when first discovered ; you have heard of adamant and asbestos ; have

seen rocks and iron—the former wear away by the constant dropping of water, the latter rusts to red ashes : there is nothing so indestructible as printed paper.

So far, then, we are safe for certain—the printer is King.

Of the history and attributes of the printer bird we scarcely know what to say, he changes his *form* so often; but by the time he gets done with our book we don't know where his *change* will be—we will then try to *inform* him, on condition that he does not *lock us up*.

He deserves to be King, though; and King we insist upon him being, for he's a right royal fellow, whether as printer, soldier, or ordinance maker, in council or in general. Soldiering he had to give up—he was too fat. The bloody Greys, after long deliberation, concluded that he would never do for the scenes of grand crash and carnage they anticipated being called on to assist in : if they were all killed to one man, as they fully expected, and that one man should be he, what sort of a looking skeleton of the regiment would he be? He could not go through with that part of the drill; he might subject his devoted comrades to posthumous ridicule; it would never do to stand such a risk, so he gave it up.

Having declined assisting in discharging *ordnance*, he took to assisting in the manufacture of *ordnance* with great success. He got to be guardian of the poor—capital!—what a just appreciation! When we get to be so poor as to require a guardian, give us by all means a good hearted fat man—one who knows how to feed—one who has been successful at the very experiment we have failed in—give us by all means a fat man.

Dock Ward is the native locality of our King bird. His natural history we have not satisfactorily traced. We suppose he originally flourished in some shape on the banks of Dock creek—when that was dried up, he, as well as all other of its inhabitants, had, according to the theory of Lamarck, to take some other shape adapted to their new necessities. Possibly he was a turtle—but not a snapper—the

turtle being the only animal we have ascertained to have inhabited that locality, which made impressions—on the mud to be sure—but was the only animal—so it may have transformed itself into a printer and continued its impressions on better material. We have felt confirmed in this theory, too, by the discovery of a far-off liking in him yet for the same sort of society, and suspect a rudimental partiality also for that watery fluid in which turtles swim now-a-days.

Good luck to him—he's a good fellow—but we are sorry to have to say that he has troubles, too—he has not even a well-established cognomen,—let him jest, as he often does, how soon people say he is jo-king.

Short in stature and very social—he can scarcely indulge in an affable chat—it is immediately insisted that he is a tall-king.

Rather corpulent, as we have intimated—if he is quiet or disposed somewhat to abstraction—how very provoking—there is no help for it: beyond a doubt he is thin-king.

Sunk into his office chair (not sin-king), in the inviting coolness of twilight, or to enjoy a grateful breeze in the heat of a summer's noon-day,—one would almost think he was in great luck at something he was never suspected of—he is win-king.

Courteous reader—we will desist immediately—lest you may be forced to the conclusion, that he, and we ourselves, are positively pshaw-king.

C.

P.S. The insect represented on the plate is one of great rarity, and was only caught by our artist with great difficulty and expense. He is of the blue-bottle fly species, and buzzes constantly about printing offices, though very hard to *catch*.



THE HUMBUG.

C. T. Barnum.

(PHLEBOTOMUS STULTORUM.)

HUM-m-m, Bur-r-r, num-m-m—Hum-m-m Bug. Greatly to our astonishment, while sitting immersed in a “cogibundity of cogitation,” in our sanctum, we were aroused by a humming and a buzzing, and amidst “the noise and confusion,” discovered before us upon the table, the distinguished bug whose likeness adorns these pages. To our extraordinary presence of mind, aided by a pair of tweezers, is our artist indebted for the opportunity of making immortal this very *rare*, and not yet *quite done* bug of North American growth, and we fearlessly challenge the world to produce its equal. “The age of chivalry has past;” the age is now decidedly humbugeous; so mote it be.

We have been in company of big bugs before now; nay, we have actually been honored with a friendly grip, which, politically speaking, is only intended for a feeler, and have been much exalted in our estimation by the condescension: but we confess to a feeling of admiration, almost amounting to reverence, for this noble specimen.

By a reference to a small pamphlet now before us, we are informed that this Bug came into the world on the fifth day of July, 1810. Its birth-place was in a village, in that most celebrated portion of the New England States, famous, among many things, for the aroma of its wooden nutmegs, and the delicious flavor of its hams, which, aided by a plentiful garnishing of Wethersfield onions, have been known to bring tears into the eyes of their producers; a satirical friend of ours observes, they are tears of joy, consequent upon a good trade upon the outsiders.

Very different, however, are the "tears which fall from beauty's eye," viz: the purchaser, upon the discovery of the pious fraud of the children of Noah upon *Ham*; for after the first emotions of their grief have subsided, they would, without remorse, in their *rasher* mood inflict a punishment, which the deceiver, by a rapid flight, eludes, and thus saves his *bacon*.

After these few preliminary remarks, need we say to the reader, that the glorious little State we refer to is Connecticut, so famous, also, for its stringent code of laws, by which men were forbidden to kiss their wives, and beer to work on the Sabbath.

The career of this Bug during its early years, was singularly unfortunate; in fact, its legitimate efforts to arrive at a comfortable position in life, proved to be only a *hum*. Discovering that the bent of its genius did not lie in the beaten path of the world, after three unsuccessful attempts to "put money in its purse," and fired with ambition at the dazzling career of the distinguished "Gnome Fly," sometimes called Hervio Nano, it vaulted into the saddle of popular gullibility, by engaging the celebrated war chief, of the renowned tribe of the "Boohoojahs," to display before the delighted eyes of the citizens of Quattlebum, in "Elysian Fields," the noble sport of the hunt of the wild Buffaloes.

Having in this instance taken the Bull by the horns successfully, (the only kind of *horns*, we believe, it has ever been known to take,)

it made another bold speculation, by an adventure in wool, the result of which was the production of two splendid specimens, viz: "The Aged Servant of Washington," and the "Woolly Horse." The verity that should characterize the biographer, calls upon us to say, that the latter was the most unparalleled instance of a belief in the credibility of the age, ever heard of in history. This generous confidence in human nature, we regret to state, was met at the very threshold by doubt, and by an universal cry from an indignant public, of "No Quarters;" a *species* of insult our ingenious inventor could not brook, and therefore withdrew it from the public eye, in the hope that posterity would do it justice, and some future Macaulay chronicle it as the most stupendous, if not, like the celebrated Trojan horse, the most successful "squizzle" of its day.

Master of the great secrets of Nature, for which the Rosicrucians toiled and died, leaving no sign, he exhibited to the admiring citizens of the model Republic, the extraordinary fact of the possession of a power by which he was enabled to revivify the worn out elements of humanity, and thus sustain for a series of years, the venerable Joice Heth, whose original bones lie entombed in various States of the Union. So successful was he, that notwithstanding the great original several times paid the debt of nature, he was enabled by his wonderful skill to re-produce her anew. What was the nature of this astonishing power, we are unable to say; we can only surmise. Was it in truth an occult science, won from the mighty dead by wizard spells and muttered conjurations beneath moonlit gibbets? or was it the mighty power of music, which he has since evoked so successfully, and which in ancient times brought back Eurydice from Hades? Orpheus, we are told, did this by the aid of a lyre, (the liar, however, we suspect to have been his biographer,) and may not his mantle have fallen upon our Bug? True it is, we have been informed, our ingenious friend does not possess the power to turn a tune, although he has shown his ability to turn the heads of "Yankee Doodle."

We incline to the opinion that this information is incorrect, and as lyres are not used at the present time, except as bill posters, it is to be supposed the instruments upon which he discoursed such eloquent music, were the Ethiopian Bones. Incredulity has suggested, that more than one "Venerable Old Nigger" served the turn of this shrewd philosopher; that her appearance at various stages of her career was different, there being a general resemblance in the decrepitude of the body, but not in the human face divine, other than that family likeness which "old darkies" bear to each other; but this is at once put to flight by the fact, that when other and greater speculations were opened unto him, he parted with her to a brother Bug, in whose hands she soon sickened and died. We must therefore infer that the secret of his power did not pass by delivery of the *corpus*, as he was heard one day to exclaim in a fit of indignation, "that he (the brother Bug,) didn't know his business, or he would have been able to have kept her alive for another hundred years."

It has struck us as a singular coincidence in the lives of great men, that they all have some "ancient tree," which is endeared to them by many tender recollections. We read of them in history, from the retreat of Tusculum to the no less classic grounds of Marshfield; to that lair where the huge monster of intellectual power retires from the strife and turmoil of political warfare, to "hook codfish," and indulge in "chowder," interchanging those lively pursuits with deep speculations into the future, scenting afar off the coming of the storm, which threatens to whelm the ship of State, with the keenness of the seafarer, whose life has been one long undaunted struggle with the ocean wave; gathering anew his energies for the day when the nation's voice once again calls loudly on him in the hour of trouble and dismay, to go down, in the diving bells of thought, into the angry waters of agitation and discontent, to bring from thence the pearls of great constitutional truths, to be scattered broadcast over the political

surface, and allay the waters which are ever rising to the lips of the helmsman, waters more bitter than those of Marah.*

Our bug, as we learn from his pamphlet, also had his tree, planted by his forefathers, and many a joyous hour had he rolled and tumbled beneath its shade; it is a fine trait in his character, that in the day of his prosperity, he did not forget to adorn anew the home of his early years, nor cease to remember the affections and comfort of her who made the spot a sacred and a loved one.

We know not if our bug, like Wolsey, "has touched the highest point of all his greatness;" certainly it might be supposed, that beyond the successes of the immortal Thumb, human ingenuity could no farther go, or a career of "Fortune's Frolics" surpass that of the fair Swede. He may have reached his culminating point, but we doubt it; perhaps the desire to excel the renowned Gliddon, may induce him to enter the field against him, and if he cannot exceed him in his devotion to his "Mummy," he may yet astonish us by transporting hither on some fine sun-shiny morning, the Pyramid of Cheops as his offering to the national monument to be erected to the Father of his Country.

Our subject has become almost too vast for contemplation, we may be pardoned, therefore, if in conclusion we indulge in a vision of the future. Who can foretell the result of this indomitable energy upon posterity? The time may come when the "Expectorant" and the "Carminative," now so celebrated, may be forgotten, and the massive edifice now occupied by Dr. Jayne, be purchased by a grateful people, as a mausoleum for the remains of the immortal Phineas; yea, when the present powerful dominions of the world shall be merged in the great model Republic, then shall come from all the ends of the earth, the pilgrim hordes to the New Jerusalem of their faith; and some

* A competent person to fill a "Consulship," may be found at this office: Address, post paid, to the Publisher.

future Gliddon, standing upon the tower now consecrated to "Tonics" and "Hair Oils," astounded at the results of his investigations into the dimness of the past, filled with admiration of the extraordinary merits of this scintillating Bug of the nineteenth century, may shout aloud unto the assembled multitude, hanging upon the "eloquence of his lips," in the language of a celebrated barbarian poet of the sixteenth century.

"This was the greatest Humbug of them all."

W. A. S.





WIDOW BIRD.

THE WIDOW BIRD.

(SIREN LACRYMOSA.)

THE Natural History of this formidable species is little understood. Its most marked characteristic, an excessive variableness of mood as well as plumage, has no slight tendency to increase the difficulties and uncertainties of its definition; and beside, the investigation has been found to be attended with such decided perils, that prudent, and particularly middle-aged Savans, have not been found disposed to encounter them wilfully. We therefore approach a subject circumspectly which we propose only to deal with daintily. We flatter ourselves that we possess too much prudence, in a word, to venture to a *veil* ourself of innuendo in reference to so *grave* a topic.

We would say, in general terms, in reference to those rapid transitions of plumage, which we have denominated the most marked characteristics of this singular species, that it has proven to be impossible to determine any laws by which they are governed. All we can say of them is, that they do occur and usually at most unexpected intervals, and in surprising contrasts. We have seen in swift metamorphosis the sable "weeds" exchanged for "decorous grey," and that again, presto! for the gayest colors of the Spring: not that this would by any means imply a beggarly

"Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral baked meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables."

Not at all ! It merely sets forth in demonstration this well-known peculiaristic of the whole numerous family of Syrens, from the ancient Circe and Aspasia down to the modern coquette. We venture to say, however, of the Widow Bird particularly, in contradistinction to all other groups of the Family Syrena, whether ancient or modern, that in no one of them are these changes so mysterious, so entirely beyond the ken of mortals under thirty-five—for beyond that age men know absolutely less than nothing concerning this species. Indeed, it had as well be confessed that old Authors have attributed to this Syrena certain powers of conjuration, derived from the forbidden Black arts, the spell of which is said to be cunningly concealed within the garments about the person. A Rev. Divine, yclept of old “Herrick,” hath not scrupled to reveal to the world concerning this diabolical craft, that it may take warning accordingly. He saith,—

“A sweet disorder in the dresse
 Kindles in cloaths a wantonnesse ;
 A lawne about the shoulders throwne
 Into a fine distractione ;
 A cunning wave, deserving note,
 In the tempestious petticoate ;
 A careless shoe string, in whose tye
 I see a wild civility,—
 Does more bewitch me than when arte
 Is too precise in every parte.”

Now here is in specialty the art and mystery of the Widow Bird, in this particular of her plumage, wherein we of Natural Science have been so greatly mystified. But there is yet another accessory of this craft, concerning the laws of which and the periods, we are equally in the dark, and to the mention of which we approach with even greater trepidation. We have designated this Syrena as Lachrymus, and we can but exclaim in terror of the very word,—

“O, father, what a hell of witchcraft lies
 In the small orb of one particular tear !”

Herein, indeed, consists the pathetic earnest of that designation

“formidable,” which we have ventured to apply in this case, at the beginning. Think where must be the susceptibilities of impressive “thirty,” when, in addition to the fair brow,

“Sicklied o’er with the pale cast of thought,”

“Melancholy
Displays her sable banner,”

casting its shadow down upon the humid loveliness beneath, and then—and then!—

“Her dark eyes shining through forgotten tears,”

forgotten, alas—for thee! Where is thy philosophy then, thy pride, thy obduracy, thy spiritual heroics, thy denial of the flesh? Gone! gone—

“Like the baseless fabric of a vision!”

Thou art lost! Thou knowest not what thou doest! In thy bewilderment she is already folded to thy bosom,—

“With all her limbs on tremble, and her eyes
Shut softly up alive.”

Art thou forsworn to other vows?—What can’st thou, but wildly plead with her,—

“Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?”

Art thou despairing? thou can’st but cry aloud—

“Kill me outright with looks, and rid my pain!”

What wonder, then, that the profound Mr. Weller had constantly upon his lips the learned aphorism, “Beware of the vidders, Samivel!”

Like all men of enlarged experience, the father of Samivel had learned concerning this delusive Widow bird, that

“Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety”—

since, careful of the ages of her victims as she may be, she herself is nevertheless always in her non-age!

C. W. W.





BUTCHER BIRDS .

THE BUTCHER BIRD.

(TEXTOR LUCANICARUM.)

MAN or mouse, mastodon or moth, all animals are disposed to solace themselves occasionally with the society of their females. Upon a foundation having this amiable propensity for one of its corner stones, the great and rather well constructed fabric of social life, both of man and prairie dogs,—and other animals generally, is founded.

The most sociable and gregarious of all, man is pre-eminently distinguished by the enduring character of, or as Cuvier justly observes, by the constant presence of this social instinct. Ought he not to have excepted bachelors?

We do—we except bachelors—it was a scandalous oversight in Cuvier, at all events we are disposed to make an exception, especially in favor of all such as are engaged in the pursuit of the sciences. How very odd it is that so many of us gentlemen philosophers are bachelors; from Sir Isaac Newton downwards and upwards, this has been and is the case, though very few like him have made or perhaps ought to have made death-bed revelations touching thereupon. Probably not, for the influence of celibaceous example might become

somewhat obnoxious to obvious interests of that same social fabric, the original builders of which were most assuredly not bachelors.

We attribute this curious feature so general in philosophers, to the possession of what Rousseau calls the fatal gift of *prevoyance*, which may have been designedly bestowed by Nature, as a guarantee for the better or more calm and undisturbed prosecution of the sciences. It must be so; this fatal gift to scientifics, philosophers, professors, doctors and miscellaneous descriptions of learned individuals, is surely the cause of their several celibacies.

But we begin to perceive that this is a position attended with some difficulty. We are aware of the necessity of speaking with great circumspection on such a profound subject, and must incidentally beg to be understood as venturing an hypothesis only without being sufficiently well assured that we ourselves have completely mastered it. In fact, we suspect that without exercising that great caution for which we are so remarkable, we have set our foot into a speculation without quite understanding it. There are difficulties inseparable from this supposition. Nature does not endow *all* philosophers with this gift. Some of the best of them that we know, are not bachelors at all, but have long since assumed the more dignified position of duality and even further and more extensive duplication.

And besides, if Nature cared so particularly about the cultivation of the sciences, there would not be so many born blockheads. Here is another mystery to us, why should there be such a profuse waste of good bowels? We have not time, or we would pause for a reply.

It is of no sort of consequence.

Our first view is scarcely tenable.

Suppose the promulgation of this gift of bachelor *prevoyance* should be one of their peculiar missions, and all men should become possessed thereof, what a queer aspect this social world of ours would shortly assume. That would be putting a strange face on the business; such a change as would be everywhere, in streets, houses, and highways—by-lanes and alleys particularly; what, all those dirty little

faces and ragged breeches to vanish without hope of further supply? No, by St. Ann, Nature will see you hanged first; that work goes nobly on, at all hazards; your fatal gift would make it bad for quite other designs of hers, Messieurs Bachelors.

Not at all,—prevoyance will not answer,—we are tempted to write a continuation of the treatise by Erasmus, in praise of Ignorance, or at least a new edition of it, with ample notes and commentaries.

Entertained opinions are seldom the results of reasoning. They are much more frequently derived from accidental position, or from circumstances of unavoidable or necessary occurrence. A Turk born in Bagdad, is a Mohammedan by the necessity of his birth; the little boy who cried all the night before he was born, for fear he would be a girl, was by necessity born a boy.

This is what we call philosophical necessity—a very stringent affair, somehow mixed in with all things that cannot be helped.

The opinions of philosophers partake largely of this necessary character, so much so that we can frequently infer them.

We should like to see a well-to-do professor, who did not continue to advocate the old-fashioned doctrines he got rich by!

And now, so far as relates to one of the questions of the schools of our own day, should not bachelor philosophers necessarily be inclined to support the theory of the unity of the human race? They do so practically which is most efficient, but not near *sufficient*.

All supporters of this theory we suspect of being bachelors. Smyth, Bachman, the latter rather a testy one. All and singular of those disposed to admit the possibility of an opposite doctrine, are above our suspicion. The celebrated Morton has ably demonstrated his views, both by chapters and children. Agassiz tried the unity position first—didn't like it and got married—so did Gliddon—sensible men and good philosophers, both.

The question to which we have alluded, has led to considerable discussion, and widely bifurcating difference of conclusions. We mean that of the unity of the human race.

We understand it. There are three kinds of this unity, viz: bachelor unity, which we don't want to be further bothered about; another, of a kind which Caligula wished for, by no means to be approved of; and a third alluded to by Byron, only relating to women, however, and proposing to bring about a concentration of pretty lips into one climax of a beautiful mouth. Commend us to that.

The unity of the human race only existed when Adam was a bachelor. When he found means of contracting a matrimonial alliance, the human race assumed a state of duality, but took upon itself a character of more advanced arithmetic without delay. And this has been the case ever since—the present human race having appeared at various times and various places; but as like effects can always be traced to like causes, you may depend that it originated in a manner surprisingly similar in all regions, since the beginning of time. If it only could be found out! The Greeks considered the origin of things as one of the greatest mysteries. Whatever the origin of the race may have been, the best of the argument is on the side of its having taken place in many *foci*, at far spread and different localities. This is the true doctrine; the race is derived from a vast number of *foci*—every head of a family, grave or gay, reverend or rowdy, stands sufficiently good for such a focus, and according to our views, must be respectfully regarded as more or less well established, according to his success.

For not every one is successful, there being much diversity of talent and capriciousness of fortune, as in other things—not every one can organize a new clan by his individual exertions. But generally, however, success is remarkable, and very apt to be most certain when it is sure to be attended with considerable scarcity of diet and much curtailment of costume. Great Nature!

In our great country, where talent is cherished and genius untrammelled, success is unparalleled,—everywhere, by mountain and valley, on every hill side, are tough little focuses of the human race,—famous at arithmetic, managing a sort of geometrical proportion prac-

tically, and by the shortest methods. Inextinguishable, indomitable, and destined to produce such a race as the world never saw. Persistent, without possible danger of interference, for nobody is going to meddle with them soon: here are the *foci* of the greatest of human races,—may they flourish and enlarge forever. Great country this!

The original focus, or that of which there is earliest mention, seems to have been far in the east,—there are some there yet—what capital focuses of the human race must be somewhere in Turkey—better than John Rodgers, who had nine *small* children, and he ought to have been canonized; or Daniel O'Connell's grandmother, who had two-and-twenty, and she was a pattern of domestic virtue: wasn't she a good one? Great focuses those.

The reasonable part of the argument is entirely on our side; the other is nothing more than a severe scholastic affair, quoting authorities and precedents, as though the human race had any sort of practical respect for either, when the questions herein involved are at stake.

Not a particle; no more respect than for practical Malthusianism.

Believe us, there are short ways of compassing philosophy.

But reverting to bachelor Adam, it is very clear that he was quite denied prevoyance. About philosophy his opinions no doubt were very primitive, and singularly deficient in retrospective derivation. Suppose he had remained a bachelor—what a frightful idea—such injustice as he would have done to his posterity. This was a lucky exemption from the fatal gift,—happy ignorance of Adam,—we will commence that new edition immediately.

Previous to which, however, we must ask your attention to our Butcher Birds. Messieurs bachelors, how do you like that approximating contiguity of face which our artist has given to them? Indecorous, probably, according to your views, but true. Truthful to exactness, all birds are partial to it; the most harmless Doves have billed and cooed each other almost into a proverb; the clumsiest vultures and fiercest eagles caress their mates as gallantly if not as

gently, much in the same fashion. So the Butcher Bird reaches from his perch to meet the willing lips of his plump beloved. It is to him one of those luscious moments worth living for, and atones for many a dreary hour of bad markets and captious customers.

But touching his natural history.

He, for the greater part, frequents Market street, though that is not his roosting place, but only his daily resort, where he and his mate may be seen, not on trees or arbors bearing green leaves and odorous flowers, but on peculiar perches garnished and festooned with more utilitarian ribs and sirloins, pork steaks and sausages,—odorous enough sometimes in the heat of summer weather, but there is nothing green about him.

His plumage is much varied, although he constantly moults twice every day—at first early in the morning, for all birds are early risers, he appears very rusty in feather, and often exceedingly rumped; immediately he assumes a pure white, which is destined to disappear again about the time of his evening fly, and the same rusty plumage of the morning appears.

He was born somewhere in the North; but the most curious feature in his history, is the peculiar system under which his education was carried out—a very remarkable system—in his human representative, almost perfected into a peculiar code.

The code of the slaughter-house, somewhat prevalent of late years, without the formality of conventions,—very simple in its theory, and summary in execution.

It acknowledges one only standard of judgment: all disputes and differences in general, especially those affecting the rights of person, are to be decided by the gage and wager of fist fight; very summary: trial to proceed without delay; results: perhaps nearly as justly as ordinary methods of decision.

But by no means chivalric,—the days of the gage and wager of battle are past, as clearly demonstrated long since; our chivalrous

knights now-a-days who defend our causes, are a different class,—but quite as honorable and to be honored.

A very remarkable code—this of the gage and wager of fist fight—about which we have much to say; but as our allotted space has been long since consumed, we must beg of you, patient reader, to follow us into another of our papers, when and where we hope to present some striking and explanatory commentaries, if not a distinct treatise, on this interesting phase in legal science, and improvement in the general theory of morals.

C.





GALLOWS BIRD.

THE GALLOW S BIRD.

(FURCIFER AVIS.)

Within a prison's gloomy walls,
A felon sleeping lay;
Without—a motley, clamorous crew,
Were hungering for their prey;
E'en women with their baby brood,
Cursing the law's delay.

Solemn and slow as a funeral march,
The Jailer strode the cell;
While o'er the sleeper's troubled couch
His darkening shadow fell,
And roused him from his stormy dreams,
Of the agonies of Hell.

A glance from that hard stony eye
Sufficed; his hour had come;
He heard without the prison walls
The people's restless hum;
And their murmurs fell upon his ear,
Like the roll of a muffled drum.

A glance—and backward memory rushed,
Through the portals of the past;
And hardened as the felon was,
He shrunk back all aghast,
As many a long forgotten crime
Came thronging thick and fast.

Beside him stood a holy man,
He clung to him in fear;
And so dark a tale of crime and woe,
Poured in his shrinking ear,
That the Jailer cowered and crossed himself,
As he bent him down to hear.

"It seems, ay! but the other day,
When hushed my childish glee,
I sat beside the cottage hearth,
Upon my mother's knee;
Listening the earnest tale she told
Of Christ and Calvary.

"Her pale face looks upon me now,
So loving, yet so sad;
She deems her child is still the same,
A gentle, simple lad;
And not the wretch whom social ills
Have tortured and made mad.

“The south wind plays upon my brow,
As it was wont at even,
When through the sunset’s dying glow,
I saw the path to Heaven:
Now soon, the law adjudgéd soul
From body shall be riven.

“Oh mother! from thy spirit home,
Bend down thy loving eyes,
And aid by thy pure earnest prayer,
My sinful soul to rise
Where I may rest my weary head,
With thee in Paradise.

“Nay! do not mock me, iron man!
It has been many a year,
Since I, a doomed wretch, have known
The luxury of a tear:
Ay! many a weary day ago,
When the leaves were in their sere.

“I stood beside a lowly mound,
I knew it well of old,
For there, amid my childish griefs,
The village crones had told
Unto the orphaned one, his all
Lay in that churchyard cold.

“Guilt, murder, blood, was on my brow,
It tainted e’en the air—
The sleuth-hounds were upon my track,
I did not reck, or care;
I only thought of the early lost,
And knelt to her in prayer.

"I passed into the village church,
And bowed my guilty head;
Weary and worn, I sank to sleep,
And heeded not the tread
Of the feet of those who had sworn an oath,
To take me, alive or dead.

"I woke in horror—woke and fled;
I braved the stormy sea;
I trod the slaver's Heaven-cursed deck,
And my fiendish cry of glee,
Was loudest in that demon bark
Of crime and misery.

"I laughed to scorn the storm-wind's wrath;
I battled with the flood,
When twice three hundred slaves went down,
With my guilty brotherhood;
And I, alone, survived to breathe,
An atmosphere of blood.

"It was not thus I was to die—
The blood that I had shed
Called loudly for the gallows doom,
Upon my felon head;
Oh, would' to Heaven, that I had then
Been numbered with the dead!

"A stranger bark had crossed my path—
It bore for India's shore;
I plunged anew into the strife
Of bloodshed and of war,
And the bravest cheek grew deadly pale,
As I rioted in gore.

“Soul-stained, Hell-doomed—my sleep was e’er
As gentle as a child;
But now my guilt-seared brain was filled,
With terrors dark and wild;
And I sought to drown my foolish fears,
But they would not be beguiled.

“Each night, when sleep with leaden wings
My comrades did enfold,
Around me fell the shadows grim,
Of a dungeon dank and cold;
And the fetters clanked about my feet—
Then sank my spirit bold.

“There was a tree within a cell,
And from its pendent bough,
A rope swung heavily to and fro—
Oh God! I see it now;
And that fearful bird with the human face,
With a red band o’er its brow.

“Ay! grin and chatter, loathsome thing,
I know thy face is mine;
For years thy beak was in my heart;
And all the blood-red wine
I drank to banish memory,
Could not efface the crime.”

One bound—one cry of agony—
Against the massive door
The murderer dashed his frenzied form;
They raised him from the floor,
But the sinful soul had passed to rest,
The death-doomed ne’er spoke more.

Then, mother! from thy spirit home,
Bend down thy loving eyes,
And aid, by thy pure earnest prayer,
His sinful soul to rise
Where he may rest his weary head
With thee in Paradise!

W. A. S.



in colors by L. Rosenthal Phila

TAYLOR BIRD.

THE TAYLOR BIRD.

(PHILOMELA GOTHAMENSIS.)

BIRDS (we quote the very words of the illustrious Dr. Featherbottom, Honorary Member, for Philadelphia, of the Zoological Society for all North America,) occupy a station in the great circle of the Vertebrata between Quadrupeds and Reptiles. No class of animals has engaged the attention of Naturalists to a greater extent, nor have their conclusions respecting subdivision or classifying them, been more various upon any other subject. According to the views of Mr. Swainson, the Insessores or typical birds (see large bills), comprising all the well known Thrushes, Warblers, &c., are entitled to the first position, as in this order is found the highest development of the general characters of Birds, the greatest variety and beauty of plumage, and an organization especially enabling them to live amongst trees (on canvas). The reader can consult with great advantage, upon this subject, an Elaborate Memoir in one of the

Sunday newspapers—the name of which we forget—or the learned treatise of Dr. Knight Northall, (“Before and Behind the Curtain,”) in which will be found a full and particular account of the habits of the American Warbler, or Taylor Bird, which by the way, corresponds, in the general classification, with the Nightingale of Sweden. The Taylor Bird has attracted a great deal of the attention of observers, as there is but one known living specimen of the class; which, however, is fortunately one of the most extraordinary and perfect of all the musical tribe, having attained no less than—from the best information we can procure—some five feet in height, with a most variable plumage, sometimes a simple black, like the common raven, at others brilliant and parti-colored, and resembling the finest silks of Broadway or Chestnut street.

The Taylor Bird is, in some respects, as compared with ordinary birds, singularly domestic in its habits; and, if treated kindly, often resorts to the houses of the neighborhood, where she happens to alight, and will pour out by the hour, strains of the most bewitching melody. Climate seems to affect this bird but little, for she reaches from the extreme North as far South as New Orleans, and appears to be equally happy and at home in all the intermediate latitudes. From the familiarity of the people of the country with the Warbler, and as she is the only one of her kind, they have named her the Taylor Bird, by way of endearment adopting the sweetest of all known titles, “Our Mary.” A great number of persons, curious in birds, have endeavored to secure the Warbler to themselves, and to domesticate it in a cage, for their own peculiar pleasure and convenience. But from the uniform failure of these attempts, which the admirers of the songster have discountenanced, as likely to abridge their own interest in this free wanderer of the air—many persons have come to fancy the Taylor Bird, like the Nightingale, a solitary bird, in the deep recesses of the grove (at Brougham’s or Barnum’s)—chanting by moonlight her air, “most musical, most melancholy.” But this is far from being always the case; the bird sings

by daylight (in a sort of rehearsal, you might say) as she does at night, and at about eleven o'clock in the morning you may hear the Taylor Bird in full song, although her plumage is then, by no means, as gorgeous as in the evening. The mysterious change in the plumage of the Warbler occurs, generally, about twilight—when clerks are quitting the down-town stores, and people in comfortable circumstances are taking an early tea, preparatory to a visit to the theatre. Instead of being of a solitary disposition, this charming creature seems to delight in the neighborhood and company of man; and, so true is this, wherever you see a crowd, you may be sure the Taylor Bird is not far off. The Taylor bird sings more or less the whole year round, and never, while other birds are wandering to foreign lands, deserts her native fields. Over them, however, she makes a wide and joyous sweep; her disposition to rove is by no means the least peculiarity of the American Warbler; and how much pleasure does she give and receive by her migrations! This singular instinct, implanted in the breast of the fowls of the air, *aves theatri*, is indeed a very touching instance of the tenderness of Nature, who not only bestows what is necessary on her creatures, but adds to the cup of life so many innocent pleasures. Some birds are stationary, (for instance, the species known as “Heavy Women,” and “General Utility”), it would have been easy to have ordered that all should be so (by securing them, for example, in strong golden cages); but we find that the most beautiful and pleasing of the race, pass and repass annually, over a broad expanse of the earth, giving and receiving enjoyment as they move onward. And how much delight does this Taylor Bird of ours afford mankind! Her first appearance, at the opening of the season, her voice, her pleasing form, her cheerful movements—her little exits and returns—all bring to our hearts some pleasures, and thoughts, and feelings, which we should never know without her. Wanderers though they be, yet the birds of one's native ground are a part of home to us. Like others of her tribe, the Taylor bird generally follows the same course year after year;

in her annual journeyings. The facts of observation show this. She will, we know, return to the same groves (chiefly in the flats) for many successive seasons. She is always warmly welcomed; and it is the wish of many admirers of this beautiful creature, who have for years assembled to listen to her pleasant notes,—as though they came from the pure angel-world,—that many and many a season yet may come and pass, ere the voice of the Taylor Bird shall cease to be heard in the land!

M



LITTLE DEAR.

THE LITTLE DEAR.

(IO URBICA.)

WHEN the primitive forest flourished in undisturbed luxury, and Aramingo and Moyamensing were yet hunting grounds, it is recorded that deers were abundant whereabouts this great city of Philadelphia is now located.

They gradually died out, however, with the assistance of Indian arrows, and the more civilized projectiles, known as bullets, slugs, buck-shot, and other metallic auxiliaries, very accelerative of cervine mortality, introduced by the pale faces.

But their place was immediately taken by another description of dears. Nature insists on general laws, and reproduces types of form with great tenacity and faithfulness. So, now that the forest has been compelled to withdraw—after being often axed to as politely as practicable—and the city has taken its place—now that the morning

songs of the kildeers and the cheewinks have been superseded by the more musical and much louder cries of fishwomen and charcoal sellers—which are evanescent too, coming like shad-oh's!—so departing; now that the city has, in all respects, generally and particularly become considerably great, and will be greater when it is finished;—now that all these things have certainly happened, and various others not herein mentioned, we have the *dear* just as abundant as ever, and more easily caught. But not by leaden missiles—if metallic at all, they must be golden: there is another improvement.

Our picture shows one of the most numerous kind,—a pretty dear—a modern Io.

Precisely the same as of old, but watched by no many-eyed Argus in wrathful mood—unless she has a step-mother; holding autobiographical or other conversations with no Prometheus—unless her father anchored fast with the gout may be one—which is not likely, as the only fire he ever meddled with in his time, by universal belief, came in quite another direction! No, she is in higher esteem than the more classic Io; neither we nor our English ancestors, could ever have been accused of neglecting the classics, so we have always carefully preserved her name. The only difference is, that our aforesaid ancestral pronunciation made it Heigh-ho—from a rigid scholar-like adherence, we suppose, to the Greek aspirate. Halloo, or Hul-low, is however, good Greek enough for practical purposes now-a-days; at least it is much more extensively used.

With a mixed incentive of acquisitiveness and affection, our present species is generally called *my dear*—*mine*—to the utter exclusion of all other claimants. In the early stage of the existence of which title, it has a most expressive signification, fraught with meaning of great and happy endearment, but unfortunately with anticipations of greater, very frequently found to be of difficult, perhaps of impossible realization. From which cause, *my dear* is apt to become but an abstraction; or like many titles, duke, baron, and others, signifying nothing, or only something that has been.

So changeable is language. My dear, my dearest, says Mr. Two-and-twenty—my dear!—my dear!! Mrs. Sproutts, I say!!! is the language of experienced Two-and-sixty. Changed, changed, alas! as told in Don Juan, like vinegar from wine. Sweetest metheglim of early love, how soon you grow sour!

Nor have the hunters decreased. The mighty hunters of the forest have vanished, with the pristine buck and doe; but as though the former hunt foreshadowed the succeeding, the chase continues with unabated vigor. Not only is our dear universally in favor, but all men are in pursuit of *dough*. Let them make whatever other pretensions they may, they can do without it no better than the Indian hunter, with all their greater philosophy. And worse still, many of them have adopted a corresponding style of face, broadly indicating its derivation—dough face—a description of physiognomy very pliable and mouldable, and altogether convenient. It is of course the modern improvement on the old-fashioned nose of wax that men wore formerly. Great improvements have taken place in the arts and sciences.

And dears are quite abundant—they bounded through the ancient forest, they abound now through the city—all things are dear—all people have dears,—dear to the exile is his native land, in memory's dimish distance seen afar, (that's the way our memory is); dear to the broker is his note of hand, collaterally secured; the polar star is dear to the mariner (something about a foggy night when he could only occasionally get a glimpse of it); dear to the lover is his mistresses eyebrow; dear to the father is his eldest born—the youngest to the mother; dear was that whistle which commanded such a high figure (Col. Childs didn't publish his Price Current in those days or whistles would have immediately riz); dear was the beef when the butchers took a strike—dearer far will bread be when the bakers do the like; a dear bargain got the cannibals, when they bought Lord Whittington's cat; McMakin's model paper costs a sixpence, and its very dear at that.

Everything and everybody are dear to somebody or some other body—except this book of ours.

The children are mamma's dears, the young ladies are pretty dears, —and the ladies that are married are very distinctly their husbands dears, and those that are not married are quite as distinctly their own dears ; and all of us have found out,—or if we have not, we will find out that many a thing in this world is by far too dear, and so ——

Oh dear!—we are quite exhausted—that's all.

C.



rs by L. Rosenthal Phil^a

JOLLY OLD COCK.

THE JOLLY OLD COCK.

(GALLIVETUS JUCUNDUS.)

THIS looks "like the cock that crow'd in the morn;" and, if we might judge from his *mug*, is no doubt, what he assumes to be, "a Jolly Old Cock."

This is a bird of rare qualities. It is to be found in the greatest perfection about Dock street, in Bender's, but occasionally appears at the United States, Jones', and Congress Hall Hotels. It is remarkable for its keenness of scent as to the whereabouts of "good things," and daily scratching in every hill frequently succeeds in picking up a *corn*.

Perhaps one of the finest traits in the character of the Jolly Old Cock, is the solicitude he evinces in training the Young Cock to the same lofty pursuits, at the expense of the said Young Cock's time, money, health, and reputation. The silly young bird knows not of the dangerous character of his elder companion, but rejoices greatly

at the condescension thus evinced towards him; and on the presentation of the bill, is always ready to foot it, a feat the Old Cock never will perform.

As the Jolly Old Cock advances in years, he enters into contracts with barbers and dentists for rejuvenation, and flutters gaily down the street in raven plumes and shining bill, a perfect cock of the walk. He becomes the oracle of Green-rooms, and discourseth learnedly of ballets and dancing girls, in which he showeth himself to be a great proficient. At the hour when the beauty of the city indulgeth itself in Chestnut-street rambles, the Old Cock taketh his stand upon the high steps of the Hotel and croweth lustily to his fellows. He hoppeth gaily hither and thither, fluttering the gay bebies, exceedingly amorous, imagining he still preserveth his youthful power of conquest, and on retiring to the sacred precincts of the bar-room clucketh loudly and shaketh his pinions. The midnight bringeth him a feeling of weariness and insignificance, mixed with regrets, and he courteth sleep, as well to drown the recollections of the past, as to gain from nature sufficient to renew on the following day, his pleasing and instructive avocations.

But the Old Cock is not entirely satisfied with his exploits upon shore.

“Sometimes he braves
The salt sea waves;”

and then he becomes “an object of interest.” Throwing off, when thus on duty, the borrowed (h)air he wears on shore, he walks the quarter deck in all his native majesty, reckless alike whether the “winds blow high or blow low,” and ready at all times to scud under bare poles. What are the delights of the land lubber to him, who now revels in anticipation of a glorious immortality, when the blast of war sounds in his ears calling him on “to feats of broil and battle;” with the solitary “Long Tom” of his gallant bark, he would pluck

up "drowning honor by the roots," and scatter the news thereof freely to the winds, by the aid of that "long bow" which he draws so well. Have you not heard

"How, when upon Tuspanian shores he rode,"

he determined with the Chicken "to go in and win?" Behold the chronicles of the department attest the fact, and the gallant chief, upon his return to Terra-Firma, receives a brilliant reception at public dinners at second hand; and indulges in a pleasing dream of immortality, in which Fame is discovered standing upon one leg, with the other elevated at an angle of 45°, sounding lustily the trumpet of Balaam!

It is not every Old Cock that is game; some can be made game of, and this is sometimes done for the amusement and edification of the community at large. It may be done in a variety of ways, the most common one appears to be by the presentation of some valuable testimonial of the public regard; anything, from an old hat up to a service of plate, for doing only what some people are simple enough to suppose they are required to do, being paid for that purpose, viz: their duty. There is, however, at the present day, a difference of opinion upon this subject among the would-be recipients of such honors; "honors, quotha!"

"Honors so great have all my toils repaid;
My liege and Fusbos, here's success to trade."

Such was the observation of the great general Bombastes Furioso, when his sovereign presented him with a pipe and a puff, for his heroic exploits on sea and land, and cordially invited him to join in a "pot of 'alf and 'alf." Now the general displayed his good sense in being satisfied with this token of his liege's regard; had he insisted on being presented with a new chapeau, or a pair of spurs, (very necessary for an Old Cock,) or a glittering sword, it would have involved also the necessity of calling privately upon his friends for

“aid and comfort.” This of course they could not be prevented from giving, the clause in the Constitution only providing that such “aid and comfort” should not be given to a foe; but the sturdy old General was aware of the fact, that honors so obtained were dearly bought, by the necessary sacrifice of a portion of that self-esteem which every true man should possess, nor fear to own; and which, however much they might make the ignorant wonder at and applaud, could not but make the judicious grieve.

Well do we remember his observations to us on paying him a friendly visit, a short time ago, at his seat in Buncombe; while the old warrior was speaking, his eye flashed with its ancient fire, and his brawny arm fell like a sledge hammer upon our knees, while visions of compound fractures flitted before our eyes, and well they might, for in his prime he was as

———“One all bone, and yet unarmed,
Who could have taken the giant world by the neck
And thrown him.”

“Sir,” said he, “these baubles may be solicited and begged for by the shallow, the weak and the vain, but the true heart, though he may not refuse, will never seek them; the Civic crown confers no honor upon the time-worn patriot, whose life has been spent in devotion to his country: it but receives its value when he stoops his brow to wear it. And he, who through the fiery front of war has hewn his way, or charged with a fearless heart at the head of the forlorn hope, seeking for glory or the grave, but receives the jewelled weapon, to cast back upon it a ray of glory brighter than the steel can ever shed on him. The proudest he that ever breathed the breath of fame, may veil his glories before the sublime triumphs of the Cross, and the fiery stake; and the unasked, unbought prayers of the good and noble hearts of every land, that float around the pathway of a Howard, a Fry, and a Dix, are the noblest incentives to man to perform the duties that may be required of him by his God

and his Country, trusting in faith and hope to the great Future for his just appreciation and reward."

Stout old heart! thou art the last and best of the Jolly Old Cocks of yore; with all thy faults and all thy blustering, which the playwright has made immortal, thou art yet superior to thy degenerate descendants. Hadst thou been decreed the Civic crown, the marshal's baton, or the victor's sword, thou wouldst have borne them with honor to the donors and to thyself. Blower as thou art, it is but the garrulity of age, and thou mayst fight thy battles o'er again, since thou hast fought them well; but never could it be said of thee in the heyday of thy fame, that thou didst seek to vote thyself honors, or appropriate those the rightful property of another: that has been reserved for the heroes of a modern day. The time will doubtless come, if it has not come already, when presentation swords and epaulettes, or services of plate, will be placed in the same category with the honors awarded of old to Colonel Pluck; and even now some of the "hard-fisted" have shown their satirical propensity, by gravely presenting to "one of the boys" a revolver, as a token of their regard, for the bravery which he displayed in "takin de plug and keepin' her," against all comers.

A distinguished wit in France, once offered a reward for the Frenchman who had not been presented with the Legion of Honor. Barnum may yet make a speculation out of the man who discharged the duties entrusted to him with fidelity, without seeking or receiving any other reward than that his office gave him.

Let it not be supposed we look askant upon well-earned laurels, no matter upon whose brow they may be worn; it is but the baser coin we seek to strip of its galvanized surface; it is but the artificial wreath we would hold aloft in derision. We have observed, we do not "look askant," let not the dear public, therefore, suppose we have "a Cock in our eye," although they may have when they read these pages.

W. A. S.







Lith. in colors by I Rosenthal Phil^a

SAME OLD COON.

S A M E O L D C O O N .

(PROCYON IMMORTALIS.)

THE superficial observer of communities and nations, not unfrequently discovers standards by which to estimate their true character, apart from those ordinarily adopted by more philosophic and enlightened investigators. It is not a little curious to trace the course of such explorations. It is equally amusing to discover the basis upon which oftentimes the sagest deductions are announced; as the result of, in fact, the most trivial premises. The difficulty lies, not so much in establishing what are the sources from which such opinions should be formed, authoritatively announced, and received as worthy of full faith and credit; but rather, in classifying the various causes, which are likely to produce like effects, upon those engaged in the science of daguerreotyping particular views, to constitute an historical panorama of national character, condition and peculiarity. Napoleon is said to have described the English, as a nation of shopkeepers. The French have, in turn, been styled, a dancing, frog-eating people. The Germans have suffered under criticism as a smoking, and sour-crout

consuming constituency. Italians, *maccaroni* and *lazaronie*, have almost become synonymous; while we Yankees have been scandalized as wooden hams, and nutmegs, and clock makers. These are unquestionably caricatures so admitted to be, but yet they have acquired an almost universality of recognition—so singularly attractive are national peculiarities. The national airs of a people denote, for example, and properly, their patriotism, or rather the peculiar character of their patriotism; their poetry not imperfectly discovers their sentimentality; their dramatic creations evince their tastes. Voltaire and Rousseau, Shakspeare and Milton, Calderon and Cervantes, have created or cultivated the respective national tastes of their countrymen. The force of a language rests as much on its structure, as materials—idioms often attest its constructibility and its power—the oratory of Brutus and Cicero, Fenelon and Vergniaud, Pitt and Grattan, are alike familiar examples; yet there is much strength of expression, incident to axioms or phrases, in the language of either, of which they were strangers.

We need hardly assert as a further truism, that the great men of a country are almost always made by severe exigencies, operating upon the masses. Few are born great. Whatever elements of power of mind or will are natural, require occasion or circumstances to develope or display. The rarest jewels are disemboweled by natural causes operating in a extraordinary condition of elementary organization. So of mind, as of matter. History too well illustrates that there is no royal road to greatness. It is not unfrequent that individuals are selected as specimens of a community; men, of a state or nation. The distinguished men of a country are referred to, indicating what class of mind such nation can produce; what description of men a nation respects, applauds, and rewards.

The remarks we have thus made, are true as applied to all men. All civilized countries. But the Americans have a peculiarity of diction, as well in language, as in poetry and idiom and phrase, unlike the rest of mankind. What has been already remarked applies, as well

to the Yankee nation as to any other; but Brother Jonathan is in advance, in many particulars, of all the world. We propose to illustrate this assertion, by taking the peculiarity of American phrases as an example. The superficial observer, of whom we have already spoken, would no doubt infer, from hearing the singular construction of phrases, native in various parts of the United States, that the English language had been most outrageously corrupted in America; and that pure Anglo-Saxon was unknown, or that a tongue was spoken in the Union, which was *sui generis*. To hear, "Go ahead!" "Well, I reckon," "Some few," "One of 'em," "'Aint I some?" "Take a smile," "Great country," "Thousand of brick," "Got the spoons," "On a bu'st," "Laying low," "Let her went," "Old hoss," "Immortal tile," "Can't come it," "O. K.," "Show your pile," "Go it blind," "Come down," "Take my hat," "Let's nip all round," "Stand up to the rack, fodder or no fodder," "Face the music," "Down with the dust;" and the thousand quaint expressions which have a meaning only by a conventionality, would lead this observer to conclude, that a language thus interpolated, was a new, or unknown tongue. While thus lost in wonder at the construction of language, should he be informed, that "Old Hickery" couldn't be beat, that "Old Tip" was dead, that "Black Dan" was on the track, that "Old Bullion was knocked into spots," that "Old Hasty-Plate was some, he was," that "Old San Jacinto was as tough as if he was cut out of the solid," and "That Same Old Coon was sitting on a rail," this same observer would admit, that, in language at least, the Americans had a peculiarity of expression, the like of which was no where to be met with.

The sketch of that "Same Old Coon," has been suggestive of these reflections. Their applicability needs no further elucidation, we think; but if the reader does not agree with us, and wishes further information as to how what we have written has to do with what is written about, we beg to refer him to the last edition of any book of Travels in the United States. If one such is not at hand, let him take up Vol. V., No. 8., of the "United States and Universal Yankee

Nation, Brother Jonathan," title "Foreign Literati," and he will discover that our extracts have been very voluminous from that highly prized periodical. We beg to repeat, that the sketch of the "Same Old Coon" has been the immediate cause of the foregoing philosophic disquisition; but justice to our artist requires, that we should say a word about this same Coon. The Racoon—or Coon, as it is commonly called—is a quadruped, and has a 'tail,' which sticks out "a feet," it uses its tail to great advantage, as when it has nothing to stand on, it hangs by its tail—which was the origin of the remark, 'thereby hangs a tail.' For a 'politician' this is a great advantage; as they often are reduced to the 'extremity' of the tail, having nothing left to stand on; especially when de-feeted, as they often are. That Same Old Coon has been thus situated and circumstanced—when the tail has been of the most decided benefit.

When "Old Ebony and Lopez," and "Old Hickory" were on a hunt, they found

'That Same Old Coon a sitting on a rail.'

He came down and hung on to the "Hickory" by the tail, for a great while; then he let go, and mounted a Great Bank, where he "lay sleeping very sound"—then he started to run for President, and got most as far as Washington City, when a duty he owed 'home industry,' or rather, a domestic duty, or home labor, so exhausted his powers, that his labor to get into the White House was "love's labor lost"—so they say, we don't know how it was. This home industry idea was a good one. The family grew at an astounding rate. Coons were found everywhere, but it is singular they had no hair on 'the place where the hair ought to grow.' This was a sad misfortune, so that all got w(h)igs. Then a great gathering of the coons took place, and that same coon was *thar*, and a jolly good time they had. A general spree was started to begin with—a hard cider campaign they called it. They all drank hard cider, in a great log cabin, with the string on

the outside of the door. They sung songs; among the most exciting of which was "All 'round my hat;" "That Same Old Coon." And what with their w(h)igs, their songs, their cider, the way they protected their own labor, and the domestic manufactures they got up, and the cotton they put through the gin, and the coal they mined, and the iron they blasted, and the bricks put in their hats, was a phenomenon to uninitiated natives. After a while all was quiet again—you never heard any of 'em, till about the 14th of April, when they met about in spots, to celebrate the birth-day of that "Same Old Coon." He was born, he was, and to keep his memory green, these coons,

That all came out on a shiny night
 To dance in the light of the moon;
 And they danced and they drank with all their might
 In honor of that Same Old Coon—

And they didn't go home till morning; and when they did get home they said they had been to a birth-night Ball—they liked this sort of sport, for they have kept that "ball a rolling on" every year since.—So matters went on, or rather, in the quaint vernacular of the day, they "succeeded with the progame." One day it was spread abroad that a fuss was abrewing—the coons had fixed things so, that a contest began between an old fellow named Home Industry, and a chap called Foreign Importations. The first used some offensive language to the other; he said he was pauper labor, and accused him of ruining the latter, and taxed him with a tariff. This last word was very high, it was No. 42—very high indeed—[we can't understand how that is, either, for No. 46 is said to be low: but that's no matter, we can't explain as we go along, or we would get into a snarl with somebody, and we are decidedly opposed to any such desire or imputation]. Well, now, high words bring on a fuss, or a muss, or a breeze or a row generally, and so it was on this particular occasion. One of

the Big Bugs, they called "Old Nullification," mixed into the crowd, and a great row was going on. Old Hickory was about, and that Same Coon was in the ring. The Old Coon, he "compromised" the matter and saved Old Hickory the trouble of reading 'em the "2d Section." All was peace again. Honor to the patriotism, to the love of country, to the forbearance, to the noble independence, to the devotion to the cause of Civil Liberty of that "Same Old Coon."

Immediately succeeding this almost intestine convulsion—in which the integrity of the federal compact was thought to be in peril, and the loyalty of a member of the Union was much commented upon, if not doubted—all

"Went merry as a marriage bell."

But there is no stagnation in the public affairs of the Yankee Nation. No rest, no quiet, no calm after the storm—no settling down—there is a natural pre-disposition for an excitement.

The coons, like everybody else, partake of this general epidemic. They got up another gathering—a great council held at Philadelphia. "That Same Coon" was about. But there was an "Old Sodger" came into the camp. Great was the excitement. This old "Regular" came in, riding on Old Whitey, and seeing that Same Coon laying back on a gum-log, he took the tactics from the enemy and lassoed him right on sight, and "swung him on the ground." Such was the consternation, that the assembly broke up—and the "Old Soger" took the trick, and all the honors.

Then followed a politico-quadrennial-civil quiescence—a cloudless firmament, a bright future cheered the Yankee heart—when suddenly a great big black woolly-headed "Slave Bill" run away from his fellow "Dandy Jim of Caroline"—and oh, how Susannah did cry—all the while they kept telling her "don't you cry." It was a great cry and some wool.

"The noise and confusion" waked up the "same old Coon." He made tracks for the locality where the "extremes met;" as soon as

possible, he gathered a union of the friends of the Union, talked over the matters and things, and they all got into an "omnibus," and told the driver to go to Harmony, by the way of the "old settlement" called "compromise." They rode part of the distance, then got out and proceeded on "Foote" single file, and arrived there at last after a very long journey, all safe. The only danger they met with was from a person named "Secession," who it is reported is the legitimate successor of "Old Nullification."

From that day to the present, nothing particular has occurred to excite apprehension for the future. Peace smiles upon a happy land; and the Union, strong in the affections of a free people, has discovered its strength out of its supposed weakness.

The experience of the past has taught lessons of wisdom, and the innate patriotism of the people has hushed in death, without a resurrection, the thought of treason. In after time, when the Naturalist shall seek for specimens of the great productions of this age, History and Justice will point, among others, to "THAT SAME OLD COON."







Lith in colors by Rosenthal & Krammer-Phil.

ALUMINUM & IRON.

Alumina & Iron

“THE FLORENCE HUMMING BIRD.”

(TROCHILUS POLITICUS.)

THE devotion of all nations, in all ages of the world, to tutelar divinities and patron saints, is a remarkable characteristic of the intuition of religious inspiration. The prosperity and destiny of communities and empires were, at an early period of history, thought to depend upon their guardianship and presence. Not only has mankind been deified, and exalted to superior excellence, and even veneration, but most every creature of the animal kingdom has also been enshrined in heathen sanctity. The sole difference in the degree of their exaltation, appears to have been in the greater universality, the greater nationality, of the worship and reverence paid to the higher and nobler attributes of god-like man. The religious regard for the lower animals was local, and less intense. Feelings of sacred respect, rather than sentiments of divine worship, were called up at the shrine of these inferior deities. Cities and

towns were guarded and protected by beasts and birds; worlds and empires by men alone. In a primitive age, the untutored mind and unsophisticated reason, lost in the sublimity of primordial poetry, and bewildered by the mysticism of tradition, always tended to lend a fabulous and superstitious character to objects of their admiration, wonder or worship.

Birds had no small claim upon their affections, and were more particularly of the secondary class of divinities. Though the Phoenix of the Egyptians—the Roc of the Arabian romancers—and the Eagle of the Romans, far from being local, were renowned and revered throughout the known world. All of these objects of worship, human or brute, universal or local, had an intimate connection with the hopes and fears, the joys and sorrows, the religion and poetry of every nation of antiquity. The mystic power of religious superstition, mingled with the rich imagery of Oriental poetry, has lent a charm to these creatures of the imagination, that even the illumined intellectuality and the prosaical gravity of modern times has failed to eradicate. Whatever is noble and good in them warms the heart, whatever is rich and gorgeous dazzles the mind, and whatever is grand and terrific awes the soul, no less in an age of truth and reason than in an age of fable and fiction. Nor were nations and cities alone objects of care and solicitude; but villages, hamlets, and cottages were sheltered under the spread wings of the tutelar bird. Every grove and every wood, every nook and every home became an object of regard, as it became the haunt and retreat of the favorite deity. These mythic influences have not yet died away. They still dwell among us, mellowing our pleasures and lightening our sorrows, like the twilight of the dark past, lingering on the horizon of the glorious present. But the power with which these fantasies still enchain us is not so much due to our superstition, as to our love for the marvellous and our reverence for the past.

The above exordium to our history of this notable bird may be thought by most of our readers to be out of place. They may be

surprised that a character so well known, should be spoken of in connection with what is unreal and fabulous. They may also think that we are transcending our rights and duties as legitimate Ornithologists in devoting our labor, and wearying their patience, in a long investigation and description of an inanity. As we propose, however, to enter upon a philosophical inquiry into the origin and history of this bird, we hope no apology is necessary, believing our motives discoverable from what we shall say regarding it.

The "Florence Humming Bird," is by many supposed to be the trusty custodian of our pleasures. Very true, it dwells among us, an object of esteem and love. Very true it is, too, that none of its actions are associated with majesty or sublimity, nor with war or pestilence. Yet it *is*, with peace and contentment, charity and justice, and all the moral excellencies of an age of progress and refinement. It does not defy the voracity of the devouring flames, and miraculously resuscitate. Neither does it perch aloft on the battle-standard midst blood and carnage, but sits gently on the humble "olive branch of peace."

The spirit of the world, and incentives to human actions, are changing. Ambition seeks not eminence in tyranny and conquest, but in the quiet walks of mercy and benevolence. Fancy, too, is changing. It no longer broods over darkness, creates

"Hydras, gorgons, and chimeras dire,"

and mystifies the better sense of the human family. With the same poetry, and the same noble aim, it pleases and frightens, by the sweetness or terror of its creations, measured by the sense, and adapted to the intelligence of the age. So it is with the pleasing phantasms of our bird's eventful story. Quiet pleasure, like the incubation of the halcyon, attends its welcome visits, and simple retreats. Moral effects result from moral causes. Reason and imagination have emerged from a halo of heathen glory, and dwell on the altar of Christian morality.

The few ephemeral antiquarians and wiseacres of the present day have twisted and corkscrewed from their minds singular notions and vagaries in regard to the origin and pedigree of this bird. Ever bound and ever ready to combat their erroneous opinions, we enter upon the task with no ordinary feelings of gratification. In the midst of his socialistic enjoyment, and his unbounded popularity, our bird has become so effectually incorporated with the minds and actions of our citizens, that he has quite lost his individuality. We do not wonder, then, that so little is known of his personal history, and that there is no inquisitive desire among the mass of the community to know it more particularly. Nor do we wonder that there are those, whose affection for antiquity, so far exceeds their love of utility, as to lead their philosophic minds to an investigation of obsolete and antiquated objects, invaluable in themselves. The great discoverer of the System of Tittlebats could not have displayed more assiduity and profound inquiry. As is generally the case, the fruit of their immense labor and application, has proved to be a net-work of fiction. We shall occupy the attention of our readers by presenting them with some of their surmises, and by showing their futility. They would wrap this bird in mystery, were it not ever present and appreciable. Even now they proclaim it an anomaly in Ornithological annals. Pretending to know what is above their comprehension, each grasps at a favorable illusion, and clings to it with a tenacity worthier of a better cause. Each having had his own favorite theory will adopt none other. They could never agree, nor never will. They have quarrelled and wrangled about the time of its creation. Is it antediluvian or post-diluvian? Is it of remote or recent existence? Of course, they all agree as to its antiquity, and produce innumerable proofs to establish their position.

The great Slocum Buffum, the inventor of the beautiful theory of the Hystrykes, verifies, fortifies, and corroborates his hypothesis, by a resort to his deep and profound knowledge of the classic writers. He believes Horace to have been inspired with a spirit of prophecy,

when he wrote that far-famed passage,—“*Rara avis, in terris incognita.*” From the peculiarity of the Humming Bird to the American forest, and from the fact of America being an unknown and undiscovered country, he argues that the existence of this rare bird, with its rare merits and qualities, was predicted by that rare genius and poet. Others again in their pride of intellect have advanced plausible theories, placing this bird in a similar category with the Phoenix. Like that fabulous bird, it is single and bachelor. It appears never to have had a mate, but, existing solitarily and alone, then, now, and hence enjoying an immortality of life and fame. Though not an object of worship or reverence, they maintain that the influence of Christianity, and moral and mental refinement of the times, have only prevented it. They argue that the love and respect for it is but another form of worship suitable to the spirit of the age.

Another remarkable circumstance confirmatory of their theory is its constant habit of hovering around “fires,” and its devotion to the extinguishers of the devouring element. And then, its habits of perseverance, of energy, and great pertinacity of resolution, rising always “Phoenix-like from its ashes,” please their vanity and flatter their pride. Now, however plausible their positions may be, they are neither solid nor true. We happen to know a little about this bird, through long observation and acquaintance. We have no speculative hypothesis, by which to torment our readers. We also happen to remember that every one, Naturalist or Antiquarian, or neither, can familiarize himself with its biography by a little observation. We can see none of those mysteries that have lost those subtle geniuses in a labyrinth of moon-struck speculations, and decoyed them into a snare of fine-spun metaphysics. Who, among us, except these pseudo-philosophers, will not tell you that this bird, apparently peculiar and isolated, is but a species of the great genus “*Ornitho Vox-populi*,” which that eminent and eloquent Ornithologist, Naturalist, and Cosmogonist, the great Estaphanus, has so exquisitely drawn, and so lucidly described to the astonished and astonishing multitude. Who

is there that does not ridicule these notions? And who is there that wouldn't? Indeed, so intimately is it associated with all of us, that to give the minutiae of detail, the how, the why, and the wherefore of this bird, would neither enlighten the reader, or repay the writer for the trouble. As to the possibility or even probability of confuting or convincing those black-letter, ornithological heretics, it were as easy as to convert a millstone into a miller. Not desiring to satisfy them, and our readers having no occasion to be satisfied, we will let the object of our history speak for itself as it has always spoken. We shall rest content with having been the exponent of popular opinion, so strong a refutation of those erratic and heretic investigators.

The habits of this bird are equally well-known with its history. They are, at once, uniform and multiform. It has been found in business habits, military habits, masonic habits, and divers other habits. What may seem a paradox, it has been seen in black habits, though its character is good; for no one has yet questioned its gentlemanly bearing, and high-toned morality. Its habits are neither regular or irregular. In fact, like the bird itself, they are peculiarly "Florence." They are of the ordinary style with him, and of the extraordinary with others.

Its disposition is of the best kind. It is cheerful, vivacious, gay, sociable, and benevolent. The "sweet little courtesies of life" are personified in its nature. Wherever it may be perched, or wherever it may fly, that Platonic smile, and that familiar nod, tells of its presence. It has been universally remarked, even by the least inquisitive observers, that this bird's favorite delicacy is a "bough." The lovers of rural enjoyment, too, have often, with emotions of rustic delight, watched, by the hour, this little bird flitting jocosely and happily, humming an amorous strain, from flower to flower, in the exuberant "Chesterfields," now burying deep its bill in the heart of the "polite pink," and now concealed within the bosom of the "chaste lily."

Another delectably fond retreat of this bird is the "stump." Who

has not experienced lively feelings of pleasure, commingled with sadness, at the sight and continued observation of the truncated vestige of some lofty tree, proud, perhaps, in its day, but now sunk in deep humiliation? Have you never heard the sad and anon cheerful notes of some little bird on the remains of a decayed oak, mourning the loss of departed worth, and consoling and cherishing the tender shoots in their infancy and orphanage? Who knows? It may have been our pretty little "sympathy," a fit synonym for such a bird. Its compassion is with the living and the dead. Its pity is with the conqueror and the conquered. The stump of all other stumps for it is the "hickory stump," a curious inoculation of the cypress and the laurel. It often sings there the Pæans of victory; and if it mourns defeat, still it rejoices at the promising hopes of the future. Many a pleasant moment have we experienced in watching, with eager and glistening eye, its innocent love-pranks, while perched high on the myrtle bough, wooing with its sweet hum the "gay, sparkling loories," votaries of Venus, borne to her arboriferous shrine on the bosom of gentle zephyrs. Often have we laid our hand gently upon our throbbing heart, and with uplifted eyes to the blue empyrean, unconsciously exclaimed, in the gentleness of our spirit, "What a sweet little fellow, it is, indeed!"

Its nest, like every thing connected with it, is peculiar, and a little curious. We have seen the hanging nests of the "Oriole," and have thought them very odd. But the ingenuity of our bird exceeds in novelty and taste all other manifestations of inventive genius ever on record.

What is peculiar to the "humming bird" is its disposition of its home, and the strange tendencies of his highly developed organ of inhabitiveness. Unlike other ornithological specimens, it never sleeps at home, that is in its nest; but if it goes out to enjoy the warmth of the sun and the freshness of the fields, it always takes its nest along. The configuration and texture of which, is "very peccoliar." It is of a hat-like shape, and made of the finest silk.

Nothing can be more humorous and mirth-provoking than to see this 'sweet bird, gamboling with its wonted hilarity, and bearing aloft, crest-like, on its organ of individuality, its symmetrically beautiful residence, so serenely and fraternally supported by its long, elegant, and endearing bill. So remarkably popular has this hat-like home become, from its exquisite jauntiness, and winningly polished gracefulness, that the whole community at large, with accord and concord, have bestowed upon it the euphonious and altisonant cognomen of the "Florence Hat." But this is not all. Our warm-hearted and admiring citizens are not satisfied with empty laudations. To show their high appreciation of its character, merits, peculiarities, and eccentricities, they have with great unanimity adopted a practice of wearing Florence hats on their heads, too.

This circumstance is an eureka to an idiomatic enigma that has disgusted the uninitiated foreigner with the supposed excessive simplicity of our language. We ourselves have often wondered why it was, and why it is, that in the placidity of good spirits and moderate mirth, while taking a connoisseur-glance at the sports and deviltries of some merry wight, we should, with incontinent rapture, exclaim: "He's a bird, he is!" thus tending ultimately to convey our unmistakable impression of that individual being one of the ornithological tribe.

Another peculiarity of this bird is worthy of a passing notice. It is a well ascertained fact, that all animals of the canine, feline, lupine, and porcine subdivisions of natural history, have hairy, whisker-like appendages, adorning their nasal protuberances, tending, in a greater or less degree, much to their ferocious appearance. We have seldom seen birds with these ornaments, except, perhaps, a little top-knot, adding much to their coxcombical attire. Our bird has been excepted from the general rule. It sports, with cavalier dignity, a luxurious exuberance of hirsute functionaries. We are as proud of them as it is, or as you are, dear reader.

It is neither dormant nor migratory. It has, indeed, acquired a "local name and habitation." It never hibernates, but dwells among

us through summer and winter. However, there appear to have been of late, strong indications of a restless spirit, tending from its symptoms to emigration. For these last six annual cycles, it has made divers flutterings and flappings of its wings, and fruitless attempts to fly, but until now, in vain. Gifted with a vast deal of perseverance, it has at last, conquered its inability. It will remain with us during this summer; but during next December and the winter months following, it will hibernate on the Banks of the Potomac, and delight the neighborhood with its melodious hum. Unlike migratory birds, it does not leave us for its own good; but for our good. It goes away to hum the music of peace, and sing the lullaby of agitation in the great choral grove of the nation.

It has been said, "Birds of a feather flock together." This bird having no "fellow of a feather," is never isolated from company, but is peculiarly sociable, and is ever welcome in all social circles. "Alone, but never lonely," is the burden of its remarkable hum.

Though we have spoken of its song, our bird is not one of those

" Little birds

That warble on the flowery thorn."

Perhaps, then, we have gone too far, for it has no voice, but a kind of a hum, produced by his rapid motions, yet attuned to music by the graceful curvatures of its perigrinatory movements. The hum very nearly resembles the "hum of industry," of which we have heard so much.

As a whole we admire this bird, as does every one. We love to see it flitting about, like a moth in a sunbeam, now here, now there, upon gossamer wings, dallying with the coquettish honey-suckle; anon, poised lightly and buoyantly upon the balmy air, and then, with lightning speed, dart out of sight, into the warm embraces of the inviting violet.

How long this bird will live, what will become of it when it dies, we will not pretend to say. Our hopes are, that if it do not inherit

immortality, that its shadow at least may never grow less. It is yet in the inception of its fame and name. Its embryonic name will, in time, mature to a greater and riper prestige. Under its soft and downy pinions, while skimming on the buxom air, are reposed "love, honor, obedience, and troops of friends," circling around it in the expected hey-day of its triumphs and glories.

C. F. E.





Lith. of L. Ross, 1811.

MAC-AREL.

THE MACKAREL

(ODIAQUA AMATORPISCORUM.)

THE land of the Gael, is famous for its psalming, as the records of those queer fish the Covenanters, attest; it is also famous for its Tay, we mean the River Tay, so prolific in Salmon, and not the tay-tay or coffee-tay we occasionally hear of; and which we have been led to believe is but another name for their mountain dew, as we presume it is in their sister island; having high authority for such supposition, in the celebrated Irish song of the Schoolmaster.

“What does your mother pour out of her tay-pot when she gives you coffee for dinner?”

“Whiskey, Sir!” replies the gentle Tim Doolan.

“Go up head,” says Mr. O’Rafferty, “there’s knowledge for you!”

The land of St. Patrick is celebrated for its freedom from snakes, and its plentiful supply of whiskey. We cannot believe altogether in this blarney of the Saint having banished all the toads and sarpints from the Green Isle. It may be so, however, for we have not tra-

velled much, and certainly have had but little to do with water, which we imagine would be necessary if we wished to have a personal inspection of the land of bogs: but our doubt arises from the fact, that in our limited experience, we have observed many instances in which a too plentiful application to the principal staple of Ireland, viz., whiskey, by individuals of our acquaintance, has been the means of giving them an enlarged and extensive view of snakes of all sorts and sizes, from the Boa Constrictor down to "the Worm of the Still."

Officially, we are not acquainted with any of its piscatorial productions. Our artist has favored us with a well executed drawing of one of them, an odd fish, called a Mackarel, remarkable for its emigrating propensities, and for its extravagant attachment to its own waters,—at a distance; they abound in the large cities of this country, and are to be seen at the greatest advantage on the 17th of March of every year.

Fresh Mackarel are considered by some persons, as more desirable than salted; our experience is decidedly in favor of the latter: we cannot say the same of the Mac-Karel's we have fallen in with in our transit through this world; for as indifferent as they are when they first appear here fresh, they are infinitely worse when they are corned. Such is the opinion of the most eminent judges with whom we have interchanged our thoughts upon the subject, and they surely ought to know, as in large cities they are frequently brought in contact with them. We have never seen any of the Mackarel "over the bay," (Bantry Bay, we presume, is meant by this saying,) but we have seen many of the Mac-Karel's "half-seas over," although we have never crossed the Atlantic. We believe the Macs are somewhat famous for being often in that position, and this may partly account for their propensity to seize on every thing they can lay their fins upon, on their landing on this hospitable shore. Those who are "native, and to the manor born," object to this, as many of our readers are aware, and hold public meetings; by way of a paradox,

invoking the aid and power of one kind of masses, to neutralize what they consider this evil tendency to corrupt republican institutions, by the influence of the other.

The Mac-Karel is fond of his pipe, we do not know if he invariably carries it in his hat, as our artist seems to think; it may be done by way of a balance-pole in the Old Country, and answer the purpose. Here we observe they frequently carry "a brick in their hat," and as a natural consequence, very frequently lose their balance, which is rather singular, as the records of a recent election case, show they know very well what to do with the polls; talking of polls, brings us back to one of the heads of our tale, viz., the pipe in the hat. Now we have observed when a number of the Macs are engaged together, they frequently pass the pipe to one another: whether it is done like the Indian, as a pipe of peace, we know not, we only know it is more frequently but a piece of a pipe. It is very true we have heard in our younger political days, a great deal about pipe-laying, (query, has the pipe clay to which Lever, the Irish novelist, so often alludes, any reference to the urgent appeals to the Macs to support Clay?—see fifty reasons why Henry Clay should be elected President, published in 1844, and written by Mr. O'Doodle, the great Irish orator, from Ballinapoor,) but a man must be a looney to think the Macs would ever lay down their pipe at the bidding of any Saxon; they are always ready to "lay down the shovel and the hoe," as well as the law or politics; indeed it is not too much to say they are too willing. Perhaps one reason why he is so ready to lay down the law at every opportunity, is that they are so often found in the neighborhood of a bar; and as to politics, it being rather hazardous to indulge very largely, in its captivating pursuit, in the troubled waters at home, on their arrival here, with that disposition of man to indulge in forbidden fruit, your Mac takes to that congenial element, as naturally as a duck to the water, and though not with the same gravity, yet great is the quacking thereof! The result is soon seen; in three months his comprehensive mind can expound the constitution equally well

with Webster; and he is, "av coorse," well fitted to fill that important post for which they all eagerly strive, and which is so universally despised in their own country—to wit, the policeman, or, Hibernice, the Peeler; if not gratified with that particular office, they offer up themselves on the altar of the Custom House, for the same reason, perhaps, that the revenue officer at home is equally despised and hated.

At a recent meeting of the Hibernian Society, there was a toast given, "The Irishman's table, that has always a corner while there's a guest in the house."

We have no reason to doubt this, from our own knowledge, as well as from that of others. We respond heartily to the sentiment; and in the true spirit of reciprocity, beg leave to state, that from our boyish days until now, and we trust it will ever be so in all the coming years, the darkest shade of gloom that ever spread itself over our melancholy visage, has been dispelled by the welcome sight of a Mackarel at the breakfast table.

W. A. S.





With colors by Rosenthal & Krüner Phil.

ONE OF THE RATS.

ONE OF THE RATS.

(RATTUS MOYAMENSING-SIS.)

WITHIN the past few years, a species of amusement has become quite popular in the sea-board cities, for which, with many other benefits, we are indebted to Merry England. The public may have noticed in the papers numerous advertisements, such as, "Wanted, Five Hundred Rats, for which twelve and a half cents each will be paid. Apply to John Nobs, sign of the Chicken. A Rat Match will take place," etc. etc. For the moderate sum of fifty cents, any tender-hearted individual may there enjoy the amusing spectacle of what is technically termed, "A Ratting."

From the extraordinary quantity of Terrier Dogs to be seen daily in the public streets, following the numerous gentlemen of leisure, it is to be presumed that among the habitués of the most aristocratic of these Rat-holes, are to be found many of our most refined and

wealthy young citizens. The cultivation of "Terriers" seems to have become a passion. Though the dog-star is not raging, dog-talk is to be heard every where; and, as in the case of a popular work, without which no gentleman's library can be complete,—so no gentleman's *ménage* is the *ton*, unless he has a well-bred puppy at his heels. To acquire a thorough knowledge of the points, your dog-trainer is therefore made your most intimate friend. To observe the practical operation of the training, a Rat-pit is to be resorted to; and you find yourself hob-nobbing with Bull Wiggins, the dog-fancier, and Bendy Slush the milling cove, surrounded by an admiring crowd, made up, perchance, of aristocratic thimble-riggers, prize-fighters and light-fingered gentry, all no doubt very estimable men in their way, but whose society you would shun if they were not of "the Fancy;" it being "such a prime thing" to be able to talk familiarly with the victor of the last bruising match, and so knowing to be seen in confidential confab with the great Sniggs the jockey. If such is the complexion of the "high places of the Nobs," what can a Democratic rat-hole resemble? With the same capacity for enjoyment as their more favored brethren, we suppose the standard of refinement is not so elevated. This is perhaps the result of low prices of admission, consequent upon the scarcity of funds of the fancy, and the greater quantity of rats to be had in the purlieus at a cheaper rate. Yet there you will also find your Bull Wiggins and Bendy Slush, of a lower grade, whose hands the aspiring young vagabond is proud to press, and afterwards "stand a go all round," in honor of the introduction, and in admiration of the affability of "the cove that fetched the Mutton-man." Thus onward speeds the work of demoralization.

How far the spectacles of Bull-fights, Bear-baiting, Boxing-matches and the rest of the so-called manly sports, tend to elevate the morals of those who indulge in them, may be a question for the moralist and the philosopher. When to these you add Ratting, Badger-drawing, Raccoon-fighting, Cock-fighting, &c., the question becomes easier of solution. For as a specimen of their elevating tendency, we may

observe, that perhaps with the solitary exception of the noble art of Self-defence, as it is termed, you have in all these gratifications of a depraved sense, the spectacle of a war of the strong upon the weak. If, therefore, the position assumed by a late distinguished author in his work on the "Philosophy of Inhuman Nature," be a true one, (and, goodness gracious! who would doubt it?) "that the abuse of power deadens the sensibilities and petrifies the heart, from the despot on the throne to the overseer of a slave plantation, or the bigoted and narrow-minded administrator of justice," the question is answered in the negative, and the belief of "Merry England" in the utility of these manly sports, is a sham, as veritable as any Mr. Carlyle has yet discovered. We shall quote further from our author, as it is absolutely refreshing in these days to meet with a work so eminently original in its thought, and pure and nervous in its diction.

"Ill regulated, or unregulated power, brutalizes." "Every day's experience shows you this: 'a dog's obeyed in office.'"

"Take away the restraint of a higher power, and suffer the bad passions of the human heart to be gratified without stint, and then you have the curse of a community."

"So you see, if the judge bullies the criminal, the tipstaff bullies the ragamuffins.

"And the crier bullies the lawyers, by crying out silence, when he is making all the noise himself."

"These are all evils, and demand a remedy."

"But how? and when? Apply to the legislature?"

"Pooh! no! what did they do for consolidation? the remedy is in the people: the people are the sovereign power in this country; look at the ninety-ninth chapter for our opinion."

"Let the bad passions of the ignorant and the vile, have full sway, and you have, what?"

"Rats, Bouncers, Rams, Rabbits, Schuylkill Rangers, Stingers, Pots, Bull-dogs, Murderers No. 1, Murderers No. 2, Hyenas, Death-Fetchers,

Waynetowners, Roosters, Bloodhounds, Pluckers, Tormenters, Blood-tubs, Killers, Hindoos, Smackers, etc., etc."

"Here is a melancholy catalogue of wickedness; disciples of grog shops, and candidates for the Penitentiary."

"Here you have organized bands of the young and depraved, victims of badly regulated home discipline, and ill regulated passions."

"The Police Bill has done some good: the Rats have retired temporarily to their holes: Marshal Keyser is a good officer, but they'll get used to him, and then they will all be in full blast again."

"Unless we have Consolidation, that is the only cement to stop up their holes: members of the next Legislature, think of this."

"The members of the last Legislature feasted and fouted, and harangued about banks and other humbugs; what did they care about Consolidation!"

"Bah!"

"A rat! a rat! dead for a ducat, dead!" said Hamlet, when he spifflicated poor Polonius."

"A rat! a rat! say the people, when a leader of the opposition sells himself to royalty, for a ribbon and a star, as Pulteney did."

"A rat! a rat! said the people of Moyamensing: so the Legislature passed a Police Bill."

"A rat! a rat! said Jack, when he found his malt was gone."

"But the rat, that eat the malt, that lay in the house that Jack built, soon found his bier."

"And so some of the rats in Moyamensing, were hurt so bad by the new police, that they did not know what ailed them."

"But this was not in the administration of Governor Porter."

"Although there was then enough mischief brewing."

"Now, why did the Rats and Bouncers disappear so quickly? Let us understand this matter: we would explain it on philosophical principles."

"Every lawyer, in his studies, has heard of a peculiar kind of deed, the creation of law, called an Ancient Terrier."

“Now Marshal Keyser is a creation of the law; he is a fact; you know that by his deeds.”

“Well, Marshal Keyser is also an Ancient Terrier: the mystery is solved.”

At a future day we may possibly give some more extracts from this work of the age; we would make an apology for our numerous quotations, were we not sensible that the subject has been better illustrated by them, than it would have been by any original remarks of our own. With our best bow, therefore, dear reader, we beg leave to introduce you to “One of the Rats.”

W. A. S.







Lith in colors by Rosenthal & Kramer Phil.

C U T T L E F I S H. William C. B.

THE CUTTLE FISH.

(SEPIA BURTONI.)

OLD Bunsby thought Captain Cuttle a very odd fish, so much so, that although he had a hook fastened always to him, he was never caught. If you overhaul all the log-books, you will find Dickens has made but one note of the like. Most folks seem to agree with Old Bunsby. An odd fish! This expression has obtained a singular familiarity. By what numerical combination these creatures are computed, we are at a loss to know. Certainly not by that good old system of "twice one are two," "twice two are four," else, there would hardly be so many, odd—fish. There must be something very singular about fish generally. This phrase, 'odd-fish,' is employed in any number of senses, for all sorts of things; ready made to portray every variety of eccentric human individuality, besides the Sea-sarpint, the Sea-horse, the Mermaid, George Munday, the Man with the Military Walk, Crazy Norah; and that unique creation of matter which is described, in the Zoological dictionary, as being "unable to live on land, and sure to die in the water;"—Odd-fish.

If ever that human or other creature is found, to which this term 'odd-fish' properly and appropriately belongs, we beg the discoverer to 'make a note of it,' for our second edition—when we will make a most ample apology to the odd-fish already enumerated, Sea-riatim.

In those days we promise them to become, in our turn, an odd-fish, and never be caught again, except on our own line.

On reflection, (as we write,) we think there is a great deal expressed in the designation of an 'odd-fish.'

In the great fish-pond of life, where are congregated all sorts, from a mermaid to a whale, eels and tadpoles, and suckers included—he who swims, whether above or below the ordinary level, who, by his dexterity of motion—swiftness in competition for success or glory—dexterity in directing a proper course—ability to make head-way against a 'sea of troubles,' and by constant action, 'end them'—facility in drawing crowds of admirers—who, at one time, shapes himself like a great leviathan, at another, assumes the character of the 'Star-fish'—then again delights all beholders, who gather on the shores, as he scales the loftiest pinnacles of his art, and is, what he appears to be,—and, at last, rests quietly in some snug harbor, in the real character of the Gold-fish—taking on each form, as though by Nature he was moulded alike for all—such a singular genius is aptly described as an 'odd-fish.' Odd, he unquestionably is; and if "this world is a stage, and men and women only actors," we don't see why it cannot be as well likened unto a fish-pond, and men and women only fishes. They bite at almost any bait—are ever on some 'tender hooks'—often out of water,—go constantly about in 'shoals'—and present all those features of peculiarity, which it is said are naturally fishey.

To be as 'dry as a fish,' is daily found to be the candid acknowledgment of some 'odd-fish,' at the 'Gem,' or the 'Empire,' or the 'Pewter Mug,' 'Gug's,' 'Dandurand's,' or 'Pelletier.'

Likened unto the natural covering of a piscatory specimen, is many a poor fellow, who is reputed to be 'very scaly.' Who has not heard of a 'Land Shark' on Barnegat; and that fellow "who is as slippery as an Eel?" So one can proceed, and prove by demonstration, that men are so like fish, that to refer to any particular 'odd-fish,' would leave the reader in doubt if 'twere meant to describe a Man or a Mackerel.

We are not to be understood as 'going a fishing' on this occasion, old Izaak-like, wasting our time over the immediate expectation of a 'glorious nibble.' Far from it. We have "been and done and gone." We threw in our hook, and drew out 'the Cuttle Fish.' We managed, or rather, we are a 'manager' in our own 'Broadway.' The 'theatre' of our exploits has a 'prompter' that is under the sea-nes. We know how to hook a Star-fish, at the proper time and in the best manner. We bait a 'silver hook' with a new bait, called a 'bill poster.' We use the 'under-line.' Hence, it is easy to draw all the fish into our 'circle,' or 'pit,' or 'boxes,' as we find where they most do congregate. In order thus to succeed, we are "supplied by Nature with eight arms"—and we are in like manner furnished "with the power of ejecting a 'black fluid' like the whale does water." This black fluid has a very queer scientific name, not easily pronounced; but we have chosen in this instance to style it "Newspaper-puffs," which are composed of a black fluid, ejected at stated intervals, evening and morning, by a strong press-ure on the exchequer. It is wonderful to behold 'the Cuttle Fish' undergoing this operation. To see it with its eight arms and its hands 'in company,' throwing out the newspaper puffs, and drawing in the fishes by shoals, thus doing a 'good business,' to the horror of other 'fishers of men,' who wait for a 'nible-o;' and as they wait, sing 'buy a Brougham,' in the hope of making a clean sweep of at least some of the 'gold fish.' It won't do;—but in the language of old Bunsby, if so—so also—if so be—why so it is—and so let it be.

Having hooked 'the Cuttle Fish,' we have dished him up, for the instruction of the scientific public. It's an odd-fish as every body knows, at least every body is presumed to know. It is rather a violent effort of the mind, to presume people ought to know all that is proper to be known—but as this is the age of great efforts, and we won't be behind the age. So we presume every body knows this Cuttle Fish is an odd-fish. It was odd in this, that it is the only one of its kind. It was first discovered by one Dickens. Where he found it, we don't know, he never would tell. Maybe it was left at his

door in a cigar box, a found-ling. Some very odd-fish are thus deposited, to the utter astonishment of two of the family, Mr. Bachelor Finances, and Mrs. Domestic Happiness. Well, Dickens found the specimen, and 'made a note of it.' He described it to Dombey and Son, and old Dombey, or some other old fogey, put it in a book. Now, the book was very good—but it matters not how good a book is now-a-days, it must be addressed to the general understanding to be popular. In order to penetrate this mental condition of the masses, this book requires to be *illustrated*. So fashionable has this feature in the literature of the day become, that every thing must be *illustrated*; even the 'news' is illustrated—so as to be understood. It is too wire-drawn, now, unless thus made intelligible. This Cuttle Fish could not be understood till it shared the fate of all the other odd fish. How to manage it, required great skill; and Mr. WILLIAM E. BURTON was the first to delight the public with an illustrated sketch, as large as life and twice as natural. He has wonderful success in that line. He did the same for "Bob Acres," "Harry Lion," "Dogberry," "Aminadab Sleek," "Macawber," "Mark Meddles," and lots of other odd fish.

They say, who ought to know, however, that the best specimen of the kind that ever was done, of an odd fish, is the one which we have presented to the reader to illustrate our book. Whoever has any curiosity to examine into the subject closely, to learn the peculiarity of the creature, to see it exhibited in its best light, in all the attractive and delightful forms it takes on, we advise such an one to go and see it for themselves—Burton as Cuttle! Should, however, it be impossible for any curious investigators to go and do as we suggest, let them, or either or all of them, just procure this number of our Natural History, and in it will be found the very best and latest illustration of the subject. We have combined in one group the Odd Fish, Burton, and the Cuttle Fish, as a part of the "Sea-rious family."

We hope our effort will be duly appreciated, and properly compensated; and, as a standard of its real value, we think it worth at least, a

'V.'



GOLD FISH.

Lith. in colors by Bassett & Koenig.



THE GOLD FISH.

(MAMMONISTES TRANSMUTATUS.)

It was, we believe, Montesquieu, who made the observation, that mankind is wise in the mass, but foolish in detail;—which is, we think, (granting its truth,) peculiarly interesting to each of us in his individual capacity. Especially, if into any open interstices of said remark, we could dovetail the saying of Horace, that the wisest man is not wise at all times; or better still, if we could find further room for such personal reminiscence as might arise from a moderately accurate analogical consideration of Hoffman's expressive declaration, that on Thursday last, at precisely half-past four in the afternoon, he was an ass. All these properly united, would make up a peculiarly salubrious subject, for a few morning contemplations—perhaps the most luxuriantly prolific subject many of us could alight upon, according to the personal knowledge we had incidentally picked up. Have you so retentive a memory as Hoffman?

It would be a great thing if all of us could be brought to know, and to really believe, that every individual of us, by no means excepting our favorite self, had a weak point or two—a flaw in the metal—an unguarded out-post, or badly defended port-pole of the understanding—that a trap can be set which we cannot resist—that the fact that a mouse cannot safely encounter the smell of toasted cheese, nor

a fly, the taste of sugar and water, poisoned though they may be—that such facts admit of so great extension and comprehensive application, as to embrace the human animal, all and singular: it would be a great thing to be thoroughly convinced of these, and though we might find ourselves shorn of some favorite locks, or pet cluster ringlet, it would be bad for Philistines generally. If we could only know exactly the bait that we ought most carefully to keep clear of, it would be a most desirable augmentation of knowledge; individual comfort and rectitude would be vastly increased, and society would be much benefitted thereby. For, as a writer, Jonathan Dymond we think, justly says, the imperfect workings of theoretical ethics arise from the general incompleteness of individual character. But the very far off posterity of the era of common sense will have an astonishing time of it—when the general tone of society will be such that woolly horses will not pay, nor hair tonics sell. Most desirable, but utterly unhoped-for Millennium.

Enough—wisdom is a rare accomplishment, perhaps, however, the mass have it, and as an illustration of which, we ask you to consider the estimation in which our Gold Fish is held, and always has been, and always—we had nearly said, always will be—for we have no faith in great reforms, especially if projected by too great men, the greatest of reforms having been accomplished by humble men, or more especially if they are not needed at all—neither the very great men, nor their very great reforms. There is no bait here for us at all events—we are on the safe side for once!

Get together the population—not all of it, for it could not all come, say any respectable representation, call a mass meeting for the purpose—ring the fire bell, or in any other way bring out a sufficient number for you to safely presume that it is the public; get from it an expression of opinion, and you will find that in at least ninety-nine times out of a hundred, Mammonistes is an individual of no sort of personal account whatever; yet there will be scarcely one of that crowd—probably not excluding yourself, who would not stare at him

in the street or elsewhere—at him, the man of a million of dollars,—longer than at the man distinguished for his million of good actions. Why does the person of Mammonistes, his wife, dog, or carriage, attract your attention? If you are young, we might excuse you for squinting at his daughter. The humble and persevering practice of many virtues, which is much more common than is usually supposed, would invariably be applauded by the expression of the public opinion of any public in the world, but the humbly virtuous would attract little personal attention from the constituent individuals of any public or republic whatever. Foolish in detail,—very stupid detail.

But here he is, we have caught him for you; now stare at him as much as you please—done in gold, gone, changed, transmuted perfectly, he did it himself—gold, gold—now he has turned into gold: stare at him.

Our gold fish—Mammonistes, the man changed into gold, is a rare cosmopolite—very rare, and nearly restricted to the cities. He is one of the most extraordinary of animals—one of the very farthest removed from any proper standard of excellence—of all ultraists, and none are to be cherished with safety, or encouraged with impunity, he is one of the worst—the man who is the pure essence of the principle of selfishness, the man who—the fact is, Sir, we can't go it at such a high pitch, and beg leave to add, in short, that he is no man at all, no how.

But there are worse than he—worse: those are the counterfeits, and would be gold-fish—a sort of dingy, black and golden, or greenish silver fish, of which are many of those who swim so complacently about the shallow waters of Third, or Dock, or of Wall street—counterfeits all. Occasionally a true gold fish makes his appearance amongst them, but rarely; and quite as rarely do those shallow swimmers ever succeed in getting themselves to be entirely, or even partly golden—notwithstanding their ardent desires.

They are alike, however, in most things—the genuine and the counterfeit. Their religion is most peculiar—the worship of the grand

Lama is nothing to it—they believe with a firm and stedfast faith, that the chief end of man is to get two per cent. per month, and a good endorser; that it is very wrong to lie, for it hurts one's conscience so to be found out; they have the greatest possible respect for irreproachable personal reputation, but believe that the word should always be spelled *pursonal*—that *pursonal* prowess is the only real heroism; that a subscription to the Church is religion; that the education of their children is sufficiently attended to by paying the teachers. It is a hard life, that of the gold fish and his shadowy counterfeits; but so he lives—so he dies. And as nearly all men die much as they have lived, neither his theory of morals, nor his firm faith desert him; sensible to the last, he hugs in his breast the refreshing remembrances of his good *deeds*, and especially comforts himself with the balmy recollection that he never, in a single instance, oppressed the poor, so long as the security was good, and the interest promptly paid.

C.





Lith in colors by Rosenthal & Kramer Phil

SON FISH

SUCKER.

THE SONNY AND THE SUCKER.

(EBRIOSUS MUTABILIS ET EBRIOSUS IMMUTABILIS.)

WE present our readers with two faithful portraitures of "the Sonny and the Sucker," two well-known fishes, to be seen every day in the week, including Sunday.

Properly considered, the Sucker should precede the Sonny, as a woman must necessarily be one of the fallen and degraded before she can become a Magdalen, or be entitled to the benefits of the society. Female virtue clothed in rags may knock and knock again at the doors of the Magdalen asylums for relief, and knock in vain; she must be qualified to receive its benefits, or she can starve in her despair; she must wear upon her brow the stamp of shame, or creep into some dark hole and die in her poverty and her chastity. So your most violent Sonny is generally one of those who have wallowed in the mire of intoxication till they have almost lost all the signs of

humanity, and become assimilated to the porker; and it appears to be a mark of merit among them to publish to the community what beasts they have been, and what virtuous and moral creatures they have become.

It was Mawworm who said, "Despise me—I likes to be despised;" and verily it would appear, as if many of the regenerated of the present day had adopted his philosophy and his example.

There are many fine specimens of the Sucker to be found in the neighborhood of the Delaware and the Hudson Rivers: walking philosophers, they pursue the current of their investigations in every dram shop, and enter largely into every new theory tending to illustrate the capacity of the alimentary canal. This is the only kind of canal they care about investigating. Morris Canal and Delaware and Hudson may go up and down, without exciting their sympathy or attention. For why? because water alone enters largely into their composition; whereas your alimentary canal, which also goes up and down, commands their warmest feeling on account of the necessity there appears to exist of keeping it in active operation by a constant supply of brandy and water: or what is nearer to the mark perhaps, alcohol mixed with coloring matter, the true fire water of Hell, skillfully prepared to meet the wants of the community by the highly respectable individual who, after dealing out death and destruction through the six days of the week, is found on a Sunday piously turning up the whites of his eyes, and between the pieces carrying around the penny box, into which what he puts "is nothing to nobody." The liberal donation of a danseuse (Fanny Elsler) was refused by the pious trustees of a religious corporation, because they could not approve of the "means by which she lived;" but they take eagerly, and blazon widely, the bequests of those who, dying, seek to purchase their birth-right to Heaven, with the wealth they have acquired by ministering to the gratification of the greatest vice that ever afflicted suffering humanity.

The Sucker, sometimes called the Bloater, has habits peculiar to himself. He never gets in the deep parts of a stream, but haunts about bars, and wherever there is very little water. As the Sucker possesses no weight, he is without scales—though many people are absurd enough to state that he is a very scaly thing. Thus it is that he pokes himself where respectable fish would be ashamed to go. He is quite accustomed to dams—from others; to falls—on the curb-stones; and though he has a horror of too much water, has no aversion to heavy wet. He will accept assistance from any one, and every sort of aid—except lemonade—unless the latter has a very strong stick in it.

It is not difficult to catch your Sucker, as he will take any thing you give him, except ice water. Though a fly has no effect on him, he will rise at a flier. The worm of the still is a favorite morsel of his. He may be tickled by a straw—if one end of it be placed in a cobbler or a brandy smash. The best mode of taking him is to bait your hook with a stiff cock-tail or gin toddy, which you place on the bar. Turn your back and gaze another way. The Sucker will look quietly around, grow very red in the gills, and glide up carelessly. Keep yourself very quiet. He wriggles along, eying the bait, and watching you. His nose comes near it. Unable to withstand the temptation, he seizes and swallows it. Now's your time, seize him by the back of the neck, and land him suddenly. It is difficult to preserve the Sucker. Sometimes the Washingtonians succeed in the attempt, and then he is speedily metamorphosed into a Sonny. This is a fish that swims in deep water, and plenty of it. He is a very fussy fish, displaying a marked dislike to be associated with his ancient friend, the Sucker. He is great on procession days, sporting about "the old oaken bucket," and flapping his fins constantly in the face of every passer-by—whom he assiduously presses to take a drink. He prides himself on his temperance in liquids, but forgets frequently there is an intemperance in eating as well as in drinking; and likewise an intemperance of speech, not the least evil in this

world. There is one peculiarity we have noticed about this fish, more so than in any other, viz., a frequent recurrence of pain in the stomach, or colic; this, however, is speedily cured by a small application of Lavender Brandy, or a little genuine old Cognac, "just by way of a medicine." There is one striking point of difference between him and the Sucker. However valorously the Sonny may talk he rarely comes to blows; while you can never go to a "free blow" without finding a great many Suckers. Let any man in trouble and distress, "with his pocket full of rocks," rush into any tavern or oyster cellar about 11 A.M., any day, and cry for succor, and he will speedily find the Suckers come.

X.



CANVASS BACK.

Little in colors by Rosensthal & Kroe

THE CANVAS-BACK DUCK.

(DUX PICTOR WOODSIDEII.)

THE advertisements were inserted—the posting bills printed and posted. The hall was engaged—the Musical Fund Hall. All the preparations were made; even to the engagement of that refined and respectable body of gentlemen, the Marshal's Police. They lent their powerful aid to the Committee of Arrangements, who were in full feather and number, in the by no means easy duty of preserving proper order in and about the hall. They took good care, too, that all carriages “set down heads east;” and, in fact, acted so efficiently and officiously, particularly two or three from Kensington, that an elderly cab-man, religiously inclined, exclaimed, in the language of “the monarch-minstrel,” “I have seen the wicked in great power, and *spreading himself* like a green bay tree.”

The ancient cab-man very soon discovered the sinfulness of quoting

Scripture before policemen: instantly a full half-dozen revolvers were presented at his head, and he was removed from the ground without having just cause to complain of not being attended by "a proper escort."

It was on last Thursday evening. The committee were cute—had an eye to propriety, even to the selection of time. Thursday evenings, above all others, for people of the high ton! Even marriages, though common enough in all conscience, must be consummated on a Thursday—perhaps to make poor Friday more miserable the next morning.

The hall was a perfect blaze of light—a full head of gas and patent burners. Bright shone the eyes of the beauty, and gallant were the chivalry of the city. The stage groaned under the weight and measure of great men in every department of art and science. The Professors of our Colleges, quitting their "academic occupation," were there; whilst the Academies of Natural Science and Fine Arts were not unrepresented. To these may be added, the Committee on Watch and Lamps of the Select, and the Committee on Pumps of the Common Councils of the city—all very knowing and very aristocratic.

At half-past eight o'clock, buzz and conversation stopped, whilst the profoundest attention was paid to a grand overture performed by the members of the Phil-noisic Society—the Society quite surpassed itself in forte and fury; indeed, it only required the occasional discharge of cannon to have perfected the harmony of the music, and the terror of the audience.

After the music had subsided, a general congratulation took place, which gave way to a panic, occasioned by a fight, on the very stage itself, between the "bag-pipe's" little white and black dog and the "kettle-drum's" big black dog. The fight and panic were momentary, however—the gentlemen, who had been compared to green bay trees, coming speedily to the rescue.

At a quarter before nine, "*The Doctor*" was in every body's mouth. It was, "The Doctor! the Doctor! Dear me! where's the Doctor?"

Now, "*The Doctor*" is by no means an extraordinary character. It is true, he has just returned from a visit to that amiable lady, the Mother of America, or rather of the States. A very speedy and secure way of obtaining fame and influence among the quondam disobedient daughters of the estimable lady. But, apart from this, and any how, he is a man of sufficient common sense to appreciate, advocate, and expound the science of Comic Natural History.

The impatient audience were released from anxiety by Dobbs of the 'Genius,' assisted by Jonathan, of the Academy of Fine Arts, who announced the approach of "*The Doctor*," in a silent but unmistakable manner. Upon a huge easel, placed upon the centre of the platform, they posted, so as to command the best light, a colossal picture of the

CANVAS-BACK DUCK (*Dux Pictor*),

which Mr. Stephens has copied in small, with the faithfulest fidelity, as a large number of testimonials from some of "the most remarkable men" present bear witness.

The instant the painting was exposed, the originality of the design, the grace of execution, and the truthfulness of the portrait brought down cheer upon cheer: in the midst of which "*The Doctor*" strode forward, making a profound bow. Then began the waving of handkerchiefs, the clapping of hands, the stamping of feet, the crash of canes, and the revolution of beavers—and so intense grew the excitement, that, for the space of three minutes, "*The Doctor*" was unable to proceed—perhaps dust got down his throat.

He wore his hair remarkably short, not concealing a barley-corn of his massive forehead—his eyes twinkled—his nose was roseate: may be with blushes, may be with excitement, and may be with neither—his mouth looked smiling, but firm, (he didn't appear to have a chew-tobacco in it)—and his chin reposed, becomingly, in a

white neck-cloth. But are white neck-cloths and blue coats fashionable among the high ton? "The Doctor" wore both, and looked very well in them—a green waistcoat harmonized the blue, while black "Oh no we never mention em's," balanced the whole. Such was his appearance when he opened: which he did, by bouncing straight into the subject, hurry-skurry, in good voice and wind, with—

"Comic Natural History, ladies and gentlemen, like natural bridges, is not easily gotten over. We must travel slowly and surely, but without system or method: thinking of every thing in general, and nothing in particular. We have no beaten track: our way is *zigzag*. My lecture shall be so—a regular, connected and methodical discourse is abominably mechanical, humdrum and vulgar—as Daniel Webster says, 'An exploded idea!' and I will not shock your sensibilities by lamenting over its carcass, but prove, by practical demonstration, my contempt for it and its shallow worshippers.

"Ladies and gentlemen: The subject for examination and dissection stands before you. (A voice, 'Where?') I speak figuratively—do not mistake me! It is the *Dux-pictor*—classical, and high fanutin name of a bird, commonly called *Canvas-back duck*! This truly interesting biped has been known to naturalists from time immemorial. It is spoken of by Chin-chopper, a Chinese philosopher, who flourished a long time before the Flood, and whose works have been recently discovered in the Imperial library at Peking. Respecting the *Wud siid* (*Dux-pictor*), he states that 'it is very much given to painting, and was the first drawer of water; (literally translated, the first animal that drew water correctly). Its plumage is variegated, variable and various, but for the most part, agriculturally speaking, seedy. Its bill is never as long as the *Landlord's* (a very curious and economical bird of prey), and it is never known to keep any books—nay, not even borrowed ones.'

"Canvas-backs, in the times of Chin-chopper, must have lived a

comparatively happy life; since, notwithstanding he enters very minutely into details regarding them, he does not even hint at the existence of the *snozzzy gosling*, a species of patron, well known now-a-days, as their constant and unappeasable torment. The snozzzy-gosling haunts them in their roosts, constitutes himself minister plenipotentiary to direct and manage their business affairs—knows more about everything than they do—proves it, by giving unwholesome and impracticable advice, and obtains for his pains, their best productions, ‘without money, and without price;’ the canvas-backs possessing, figuratively speaking, whole udders-full of ‘the milk of human kindness.’”

“The Doctor,” taking a glass of water to sprinkle his ideas, and wiping that forehead, continued, with the universally adopted start of “Ladies and gentlemen,” * * “Canvas-back ducks are considered by many, otherwise well-informed people, wild fowls, and not partial to water;—a great mistake! Why, I have at this moment, an individual in my eye, sitting over there, with a Bird of Paradise perched at his side, and to whom I could call your attention, were it not for his great modesty; he is willing to be qualified to the fact, that on a cold winter’s night, he heard some half dozen of them, in a roost opposite the State House, crying out ‘for about the space of two hours,’ ‘Water!’ It is perhaps proper that I should mention, the committee on pumps had neglected the blue cows in the neighborhood.

“Now then, I will call your undivided attention to this painting of a very rare specimen of the Dux-pictor, now roosting at the Art Union building, plump and comfortable. (Waving of handkerchiefs, cheers, &c.)

“Observe the episode in the picture. Hagar and Ishmael in the wilderness of Beersheba. Abraham, according to Jewish legend, was a portly gentleman. He was cosy, convivial and corpulent for many years—happy and well-behaved, and would have continued so, had he not been bothered by woman’s talk. It was woman’s talk that

caused him to perform the impolite and unhandsome action of sending Hagar away. And Abraham's peace and fatness had departed forever. (Sighs and groans.)

"Ladies and gentlemen, I perceive that you are tired, weary, and worn out, but shall I go on?" (Great hubbub, terminating with one tremendous shout, 'Go on!' 'Go on!')

"Very well, I'll *go on* up to Sowers' and get a drink. Good night!"

6TH W.





Lith in colors by Rosenthal & Kramer Phil.

W H I A I R F I R A T T .

THE WHARF RAT.

(RATTUS INDOLENTUS.)

THE Puritan soldiers of Cromwell, we are informed, had a great dislike for sermons that were *unsavory*. Now, courteous reader, lest you may have a similar antipathy, we beg to remind you that it is our subject only which has that quality; and that we in fact have been appointed a committee of one, partly by ourselves, and partly by our publisher, to be a sort of substitute for pulverized charcoal, or an editorial chloride of lime, for the very purpose of rendering it agreeable.

There is a philosophy of loafing as there is of all other things. Aristotle seems to have thought that there is one only correct and true theory of Cobbling, and of course none other,—leakage and inefficient welting to be attributed, we suppose, to the misunderstanding thereof, to the improper education of the practitioner, or to his indulgence in speculative opinions of his own, to the neglect of the right authorities,—mere heterodoxy in cobbling.

The loafer is strictly American. He is idle by choice ; this is the only country in which he can flourish. His theory, or that branch of philosophy which we propose to notice, briefly, has this merit, most uncommon, it is safe,—quite safe for the operator. He commits no bungling error of judgment, sure to rap him on the knuckles sometime in his life ; he attempts to act no sophism nor practical hyperbole—no, he quietly and calmly sits down, and that ends the argument at present for him.

No American born white man is a loafer—the profession is entirely monopolized by the blacks. The black man is the born loafer, and as exhibited in these Northern States is certainly and demonstratively the absolute termination and fag end of civilized society as at present arranged,—you may begin wherever you please—with any magnate of the land, or any class of magnates, but here is the termination,—it is something to know that.

In the reorganization of society which is to be performed by various political necromancers, of which Fourier styles himself the grand — something — Foggy we believe — that's it, the grand Foggy—all people are to be provided with spheres of activity suited to their natural abilities or talents. A most accommodating theory,—so soon as they set it going and get themselves duly installed, we shall occasionally call on these grand Foggies with some groups of miscellaneous individuals that we know of, and shall consider ourselves as having obtained a vast accession of insight into fancy philosophy, and particularly socialism, when we see them disposed of according to their capabilities. How think you will they accommodate that respectable body of loafers whose only talent lies in exterminating pork and beans?—we can produce some great geniuses in that line. Into what elevated position is to be placed the important class of pipe smokers? We bespeak one whole phalanx to begin with at least for them ; we can furnish men and women,—some with magnificent talents, whose mouths are so admirably formed as to make with a short pipe the most extraordinary fit you ever saw.

Many other of our geniuses must be accommodated : the big whistlers, juba dancers, bone players—we shall take them under our most devoted care when the new era begins; we intend to be the political guardian and philosophic counsellor of all the black loafers.

The wharf-rat is one of the characteristic varieties of the American loafer. Linnæus thought that the black rat was native to America—so far as related to the human rat he was right—rather prospectively it is true in his time, but he has come out right, which is more than always happens to philosophers or naturalists.

There is certainly a white wharf rat, of which our artist has caught a capital specimen; but he is always an exotic, a rat and loafer in general by necessity in his own country—frequently returns in this country to something very like a man again—his offspring almost invariably does. No such thing happens to the domestic black breed. The two species are entirely distinct, and thus easily recognized.

The native black has the advantage, and claims rightly enough on the score of possessing every qualification, especially that of intense constitutional indolence, the entire prerogative of all wharf-ratting privileges. He is generally a pleasant enough varmint, fat, good-natured, full of laugh, and with a shining skin. Quite capable under sufficient drill of performing several things besides ratting—but he must be drilled, and the only insignia of office that he has respect for is a long cowhide—for which he has the most entire reverence; and if the sort of drill indicated is faithfully persisted in he is said to become quite expert in the management of the hoe,—respectable in the various abstract and relative uses of the hod or even the wheelbarrow, and it has even been observed possibly practicable to trust him with the axe, flail, and some other of the more complex instruments of utilitarian gymnastics. But rarely without at least an occasional drill as above intimated, and the constant reminiscence of it is always of great advantage to him.

To the white rat it is of no service at all.

The head quarters of the black rat in our great city is Market

Street wharf, in summer time especially; and if any curious amateur of natural history wishes to get a new stock of tangible—seeable—smellable facts, let him visit that locality early in the morning, and in shad time. Possibly if he is a housekeeper he has heard of such a feat as begging for cold victuals,—may have seen it performed—there he will see what becomes of it—see it done brown into a queer sort of pot-pie composed of residuary balances of everybody's dinners, boiled together, equivocally striped and hashed crosswise into rations for the wharf-rats. Cheap too—sold at the suitable rate of two cents a thing-full, rat measure—the thing being larger or smaller, variable we suppose with the market, dependent on the luck of the beggars.

This is the only regular feed the rat wants; afterwards his next look out is for a greater desideratum, rum, which he mostly succeeds in compassing, with the addition of a stray nibble too at a cheese, codfish, a chance apple or lick of molasses. Oftener however after achieving the rum, he sits or lies himself down quietly and goes to sleep—

To sleep, perchance to dream—

Perhaps with the incompatibility common in dreams, he sees the world flying in the air in the direction of Jersey, and oddly enough it is visibly and actually barrel shaped—a huge barrel—the human inhabitants mere hangers on to the outside, and each one armed with a long straw!—sucking his living from it in the best way he can for a short season.

Or, that all America is covered with barrels of rice, sugar, and whiskey, and a wilderness of molasses hogsheds, all with staves conveniently broken for the benefit and accommodation of all descriptions of rats and other loafers.

Or, being stimulated thereto by a visit he once made to the shilling gallery at Arch Street, he dreams that all the world is a wharf, and all the men and women merely loafers.





Lith in colors by Rosenthal & Kremer Phil

C-BASS.

THE SEA BASS.

(OPHICLIOIDES SEGUINII.)

IN our prefatory notice to the reader, we promised him, that "The Comic Natural History" should embrace Fishes as well as Birds and Beasts—Quadrupeds is a far better word. In our last number we presented our subscribers with two specimens of the inhabitants of the watery element. The warm state of the weather inviting us to take another dip, we continue our researches, trusting that in so doing, we shall not be found very much out of *our* element, or get into "troubled waters." Pursuing the even *tenor* of our way we proceed by describing the "Sea Bass," a truthful representation of which our artist has "dished up" in his best style; those who have once seen the original cannot fail recognizing the copy at a glance; a description to them will be unnecessary, but to the "uninitiated" a short "*prelude*" will doubtless be instructive.

The appearance of the "*The Sea Bass*" is generally prepossessing, of a long slender make, and may readily be distinguished from the rest of its cotemporaries by the extent of its *proboscis*, or *cutwater*, which feature enables it to penetrate to a great depth in the water. In the heat of Summer it is sometimes found in Lake Erie, Niagara River and other adjacent streams where the water is deep; the Indians in that region of country know it by the name of "The Great Diver," and are very partial to it. It is mostly celebrated for its deep singing voice; and whenever we have met with it, either in the hands of "Bohemian Gipseys," "Brigands," or other characters on the stage of life, this deep Bass voice was ever in our ears. It is generally seen with the Female of its species, whose voice, though less powerful, is equally pleasing and attractive. In form, the female approaches the mermaid more nearly—to our minds—than any previous manufacture has done, even though under the auspicious aid of the "Hum-Bug" so delicately described in No. 2. "*The Sea Bass*" *eats* like one of the human race, but *drinks* like a fish; like the Whale and Porpoise, it is warm blooded: at least we arrive at this conclusion from the fact of our having seen it *smoke* excessively on many occasions. Its method of obtaining its food is curious and peculiar to its species; for while some Beasts and many Birds (the Attorney, or Legal Bird, for instance) have to "*prey*" for a living, the "*Sea Bass*" *sings* for one. To do this more effectually it has the faculty of putting out a "*Bill*" of such attractive power, that an informant of ours—a regular "*Poster*" in such affairs—assures us that it obtains so great a supply of sustenance on such occasions, that it remains quiet, if not torpid, for days and sometimes weeks together; this circumstance obtains for it, from some, a character for modesty, but, more correctly by others, a reputation for *retirement*. It is not of a quarrelsome nature, though it enters into numerous "*Engagements*;" these, however, are not always with its own species, they are therefore seldom of a "*scaly*" nature.

If it were allowable to enter into a Phrenological description of the

head before us, we should prove the "Sea Bass" possessed of a "*sound*" mind, never having been in-"*seine*" (sane);—a writ "*de Lunatico Inquirendo*" would consequently. "*nett the drawer*" but little—honest, being averse to any thing that is *hooked*; independent, never being on a *line*; against capital punishment, shunning the *rod*; averse to dancing, despising the *reel*—except the genuine Scotch or Virginia—is very *time serving*, always keeping a watch on *float*; but generous, not being inclined to *a-bait* (bate). The depth of its voice is not the only "*deepness*" for which it is remarkable, being extremely wary, and "*hard to be caught.*" The female also lends her aid and voice, and watches closely the interests of her paramount lord, so much so that it is an evidence of unusual good skill and "*management*" on the part of those angling for "*the Sea Bass*" when an advantage is taken of either, for they act in "*Concert*" so closely, that if the *lines* are not too loose, but properly "*contract*"-ed, catch one and you have them both. "*Overtures*" for release speedily follow, and if they are out of "*SEASON,*" the *nett* profits will not be much should possession be persisted in. Some might deem them immensely valuable, as they possess a sort of patent Sub-Treasury license to issue *notes* for general circulation, but as we do not recollect ever having seeing one cashed at our counter, we are unable to define the true value of the above "*issue.*" When in pursuit of sustenance, "*the Sea Bass*" goes with a mixed *Company*, and places great reliance on the *Leader*, there being generally an *af-fin-ity* between them; they are partial to "*Cleffs*" (spelt by the *stony*-hearted with an "*i*") and when "*engaged*" in pursuit are so mixed up with *Flats*, *Sharps*, and *Naturals*, that one would almost doubt their motives, or fear a *discord* will arise among them, but their *harmony* is seldom broken. Their *movements* are various, according to circumstances, *Piano*—*Adagio*—*Largo*—*Larghetto*—*Crescendo*—*Furioso*, finishing *a la Cadenza*; they are unable to endure fatigue, for they make frequent *rests*, and their motions *quaver* greatly at times. Baron Cuvier in his celebrated work

on Ornithology, has mentioned the *Pen-guin* at some length, but Isaac Walton in his Treatise on Fishes, has entirely omitted the *Se-(a)-guin* or "Sea Bass." A celebrated Professor now in this country *fishing* for information, intends publishing a work entirely devoted to this branch of Natural History, and if a similar omission occurs, it cannot be pronounced a truly *fin*-nished production; time, however, will prove this, Till then we now take leave of our "fish out of water," hoping it may go on *swimmingly*, with the *tide* of happiness and prosperity in its favor, till life's *sand* has run its course.

T. McK.





Lith. in colors by Rosenthal & Krämer-Phil.

GUDGEON SHARK.

THE SHARK AND THE GUDGEON.

(AMANES SUBDIABOLICUS.)

(STULTUS DELICATISSIMUS.)

AMONG the many 'great' discoveries brought to light by the inquiring spirit of the age, stands first and foremost, the beautiful principle, originally promulged by ourselves, individually and collectively, that "All the world's a fish-pond, and men and women are fishes." However extravagant this doctrine may appear to Naturalists of the old school, and their disciples; and however greatly it may be opposed and ridiculed by these old fogies, its truthfulness and simplicity will inevitably gain it a host of strenuous advocates. When we reiterate that almost proverbial assertion, of which, perhaps, we give only the substance, that ridicule and persecution are the surest harbingers of success, we are but conscious of uttering the sentiment of our heart; our modesty, consequent upon genius, carries us "to this extent, no more." We are so fond of history, if we exclude that of our own personal self, the bare recollection of which, makes us alter-

nately shudder and cachinate, that we cannot let slip this opportunity of riding our favorite hobby, by parenthetically announcing the alarming fact of our having, some where else delivered, extemporaneously we remember, a glowing eulogium upon that theme, in which we took occasion to assert and maintain with our wonted gravity, that "the lessons it teaches," we quote from memory, "are as invaluable to future generations, as they have been to those of the past." We also spoke in very warm terms of the struggle with which truth, science, and philosophy were opposed, on their upward and onward course to the goal yet to be reached, and wound up with this sage and epigrammatic remark, "Truth is mighty, and must prevail." Which remark, distinguished as well for its originality as for its political celebrity, is so *à propos* in these, our preliminary observations, upon our own prospects and fate, and is so well adapted as an illustration of what we mean to say, that we trust no farther explanation will be required at our hands. Upon this head, however, before a final leave, we would like, if possible, to declare our opinion and sentiments, by respectfully stating, that in the possession of a clear conscience and a conviction of right, we are perfectly indifferent to the scorn and contumely of scoffers and scullions.

Having thus given vent to some of our spleen, (of which we acknowledge a small supply,) we need not say we feel much more comfortable, and far better qualified to pursue 'the even tenor of our way.' We will now relieve ourself of a sentence that has been fermenting and effervescing since we sat down, and which we have purposely retained, as well to prevent a bilious discoloration, as to add to its pungency and volume.

Time is the great judge of all doubts, the nucleus of all philosophy, and the key to all discoveries. To him, for his inexhaustible stores of truth and wisdom, we acknowledge publicly, a debt of undying gratitude; to such an extent indeed, that we will gladly accept him as a partner in our spoils and profits.

In the absence of any other proof, we would be satisfied to rest

our hopes of immortality as an author, in presenting the subjects of this article, illustrated from original copies in the hands of our artist, as incontrovertible turning points to all doubts as to the correctness of our views. Let the worldly man—the man of keen observation, enlarged experience, and practical wisdom, glance over the expanse of the immense sea of human beings, ever agitated with strifes, struggles and turmoils, constantly convulsed with storms of tears, and whirlwinds of sighs—let him see the tyrant and the serf, the aristocrat and the pauper, the capitalist and the laborer, and the note-shaver and his victim, and well may he exclaim to the incredulous, in the language of Hamlet,—

“There’s more ’twixt heaven and earth,
Than is dreamed of in your philosophy.”

In every sphere of life, in every trade and profession, in the circles of pleasure and fashion, among the rich and the poor, within the holy portals of the Church itself, and even in the professions of humanity, there you will find your hungry, crafty, unmerciful and relentless shark, with insatiable voracity, and piercingly riveted eye, gloating over, and gorging his innocent, pliant, and unsuspecting victim, whether he be a gudgeon, or a more formidable creature. There you will find your gudgeon, lively, frisky, finical, ‘dem foine,’ and frank; glad to know you, fond of your company, will lend you his purse, and mortgage his life if he can gain your friendship, esteem, or sympathy. Never on guard, you see him gulped up by him whom, in his innocence, he did not fear to trust;—you see him, “like moths attracted by glare,” rush into the jaws of destruction.

While we pause for breath and inspiration, let us sigh to the tune, that it was ever thus with mankind, and utter in extreme anguish, that we fear it will always be so. We would drop our quill at this juncture, in utter despair, verging on disgust, did not the soothing influence of our piscatory philosophy, like the balm of the good Samaritan, oil and lubricate our sensitiveness, we had almost said our conscience, to such

a degree indeed, that we feel called upon to again reveal our budget of wisdom, by making up our minds that "it is all for the best." In the language of Pope, slightly curtailed, we have concluded that, "whatever is, is." It may be necessary, after all, to the well being of the world, human or brute, that rapacity, rapine, and a certain degree of destructibility, should be at all times elicited. The axiom of latter-day advocacy, that "all men are born equal," (true, indeed, in its proper sense, despite the inequalities, irregularities, and discrepancies of body, mind, and morals, is a favorite and popular one. The gudgeon clings to it with devotedness, ever "harping on his daughter," while the shark sneers and chuckles over it, as he moves and acts in disproof of it. In every element of creative matter, in light, in heat, in the atmosphere, in the atomic world, or where you will, sharks and gudgeons move in their respective spheres, each in their turn destroying and destroyed, grasping and grasped, and acting the lion and the lamb, thus fulfilling the ordinance of Nature. "Either is well enough in his sphere, but neither is by any means the most respectable."

If our equanimity could be for a moment disturbed—if we could be "startled out of our propriety," not by a castor on the occiput of George Munday (astounding enough, 'tis true), but by the more amazing combination of, and coincidence of affinities, distinguishing alike the habits, tastes and prejudices of both man and fish, we would, like "a fish out of water," flutter, flounder, 'squirm, and wiggle,' (see Webster's late rainy-day Buffalo speech,) to our heart's content, and puff, and gas, and blow, and explode, not with this happy conceit, but with this mighty loco-motive, telegraphic-wired thought, suggested, our modesty hints, by a mysterious accident, rather than by any study, inquiry, or inventive faculty of our own.

But we are grave, solemn, and sublime;—like old Joe Bagstock, rough and tough, 'but mighty *sly*.' We view the majesty and ludicrousness of our notion, with the same stern glance and darkened brow, as we would the same qualities in Nature. Like a white-

crested billow, (though we're not gray-haired,) swept to the clouds by the mad winds, we have arisen, and now we are sinking, with calm resignation, to our proper level in the bosom of the ocean, to be lost forever to light. We feel already that we have commingled with kindred drops, and we can see naught around us or above us, but our own "deep, deep blue," while our great discovery, like a stormy petrel, sails around our resting-place, skims its wings over the spray, and seems to warn the already idle and sluggish waters, of storms and blasts that shall echo and re-echo our fame. Such are our thoughts and emotions, as we brood over the injustice and persecution that have followed up our track, and harrowed up our soul. The reader will pardon, we hope, this manifestation of feeling, so gudgeon-like on our part; to atone for it, perhaps, we may be allowed to show our sharkish humor, by rising superior to our enemies, and even ourselves, while lying here, supinely on our back, and plunge and splurge, wickedly and fiercely in the red struggle, for existence and a name. Now we're in for it. We exultingly interrogate, "Is not our man-shark mean, base, and unprincipled; gouging, gagging, and corrupt? Is he not a coward, a desperate poltroon, devoid of moral principle, quietly and noiselessly lumbering along, now alone, now in schools, beneath the tide of others' fortunes, so bright and promising, ready, eager and greedy for the moment, the fatal moment, to float to the surface with jaws distended and glistening teeth, to seize without warning his unfortunate victim, and consign him, as another sacrifice, to the saturnalia of vice and rapacity? Is not his scent delicate and acute? And for what? To lead him to the harmless and unobtruding, whom he fears not. Where does he most frequent? Large cities and dense crowds, where "accidents will happen," and where he will take advantage of them. And here, too, is our little friend the gudgeon in this shallow stream. Could there be a better picture of verdancy and guilelessness? Skittish, playful, dandified, he gleams and flashes through the silver water, rippling its surface with his

quiet and tripping motion. Frank and frolicksome, he stops at every shiny or tinsel spot, gratifies an idle curiosity, listens to the Syren's voice, dallies with the allurements, and lo ! ere he knows his danger, the shark of his sphere, concealed in ambush, has made quick work of him. Were it possible, we might grow very, very vain, even at this early stage of the picture, with the parallel we have thus drawn ; but vanity, we know not, save the "all-is-vanity" of the preacher. It has escaped from us, "unwhipped of justice." Our lucubrations have afforded us so much gratification, and given us so much strength, that we now feel like uttering that oft-repeated wish of ours for the return of the golden age. We have lived through that period in dreams and reveries, tasted the "milk and honey" of its Paradise, and have watched despondingly through the vista of "castles in the air," the rich, mellow, and gorgeous alchemy and purple, sink softly, slowly, and gently into darkness and gloom,

" Like the baseless fabric of a vision."

The poets have sung of that happy time, so like a "burning Sappho," that we will not "tangle their sweet bells" with the harmony of our discord. In those days, 'sharks and gudgeons' were mighty scarce articles. Fraud, rapine, and injustice, was a "tale unfolded." Social, political, moral, and national reforms, industrial and peace congresses, and vanity fairs, and World's Fairs, would then have been mysteries. War, cannon-mouthed war, battles, sieges, and hair-breadth "scapes," Buffalo hunts, Cuba expeditions, and "fliebusters," would have come like an earthquake. 'Church and State,' the 'schism of the churches,' the 'battle of the churches,' Papal aggressions and 'church burning,' would have 'grated harsh thunder' in the shrine of religion, and have driven her divinity to the sanctuary of some "Sacred Grove." Landed aristocracies, pauper systems, monopolies, Disunion, Secession, State rights, Hartford and

Nashville Conventions, political intrigue and mendacity, lobbying and log-rolling, wire-working and pipe-laying, would have challenged the most distorted imagination. Faro-tables, 'fighting the tiger,' Peter Funks, humbuggery, vice, misery and crime, would have puzzled the most astute. With the exodus of pristine simplicity and grandeur, with the dying embers of a golden morality, is ushered in, like awakening from our dream, the luxury and voluptuousness of an era of civilization and refinement, with their concomitant train of guile, vice and misery.

The flood-gates are opened—the sea of troubles in torrents pursues its impetuous course, carrying destruction in its path, burying in oblivion the gold of that age, and leaving us nothing but the dross. The shark, let loose, rejoices and exults in the boiling foam, and on—on he goes, with the stream of life, corrupting, polluting, and sliming its waters with his infectious poison.

Where are the gudgeons and the small fry? Where, but in the heart of danger? They are not afraid of sharks—they are diminutive, they are harmless and inoffensive. So they think, and what's more, they are "smart"—they "know the ropes,"—they can't be fooled:—very good. 'Tis true they're smart, very smart in the eye of their merciless pursuer. He knows it—why, he knew it at the first glance, and so does he at the last one! Foolish, flippant, 'green' gudgeon, wilt thou ever be thus? We are no gudgeon—at least we think so, yet we will answer for him affirmatively. Greenhorns and "angels" must move, live, and have their being, so long as a spark of humanity scintillates.

We are now going to close the Sybil volume; slowly, dreamingly, and solemnly we pronounce its parting words,—

"Man's inhumanity to man,
Makes countless millions mourn!"

Involuntarily we drop a tear. Would it could wash our sins away!

As to our philosophy, we feel we must allude to it in parting; we wish it a 'pleasant' time. When we shall have been ranked among the Bacons, Newtons, and Linnæus' of the age, our readers shall hear from us again.

In the meantime, we will trust, with becoming gravity, that we have made ourself perfectly intelligible in our endeavor neither "to bury Cæsar, nor to praise him!"

C. F. E.



Lith. in colors by Rosenthal & Kra

STOOL PIGEON.

THE STOOL PIGEON.

(ESCA DECIPULI-HOMINIS.)

WHY it is that there are so many different species of the same genus of birds, and animals, and fishes, and men, we are at a loss to comprehend. Our reading, in many particulars and more generals being very limited, places us in the condition of one unlearned in many subjects, as we now propose to demonstrate to be the fact, in the subject of Ornithology. This we do know, having in our early days been required to "do" all the chapters of the Old and New Testament seriatim, that somewhere it is stated that Noah took "every bird of every sort," "two and two of all flesh," into the Ark with him. That is Noah took in-two the Ark, two birds of every sort. This having been accomplished we presume, they all came out again; and it appears, from the present state of the American ornithology, a great many more came out than went in. To account for this singular fact, we are at a loss; but it can no doubt be fully explained in the last edition of Mr. Figure's arithmetic, under the caption Multiplication. There we leave the solution of this abstruse mathematical problem.

Certain it is, that if our view of the scientific history of birds be true, we don't care what Audubon says or Wilson narrates, [we rather like Wilson tho', and guess he knew all about birds]—among the birds in the Ark was at least one *Stool Pigeon*. We are led to this belief from the fact, that Noah sent one bird away to look after the dry land, a sort of official spy—whose duty it was to find out quietly what was going on, hear and see all that was to be heard and seen, and bring back "*the news*" to the "*old 'un*." Now this duty, thus assigned by the *Chief of Police* of the Ark to this bird, thus sent away, leads us to believe, as we have already said, that this bird was a *Stool Pigeon*. We know it is asserted, that the proper designation of the bird in question is a *Dove*. But then the name "*dove*" may have been as inaptly applied to this messenger of Noah, as it is to the "*Lark*" of a husband, going out after tea, saluted by his "*better half*," "*Dove, Dovy-dear, be home soon?*" And when this "*Lark*" of a husband, does come home earlier than soon, to be again addressed by the same better half with, "*You Dog, you, drunk again!*" Now it can hardly be presumed that the animal man—species, husband—genus, homo, can be properly, according to the theory of Natural History, individualized under the nomenclature of "*Lark*" and "*Dog*," one being a biped, the other a quadruped.

We say then, that probably the term "*Dove*" was improperly applied to the *Stool Pigeon*—and that the messenger of the old 'un was in truth and in fact, a *Stool Pigeon*.

There is not very much reliance or faith to be put in names after all. We remember some twenty-five years ago having read that "*A rose by any other name would smell as sweet;*" and in the simplicity of our heart, experimenting upon the theory, called the assafoetida bottle "*a rose*," and finding it didn't smell as sweet, thenceforward had a fixed opinion about names. There is not much in names after all. In the early days of the Flood, we doubt whether Noah did *know-a-great* deal about Ornithology or names either—what horrid names he gave his children—only because there were so few to choose from.

All things taken into consideration, we are still led to believe, indeed it now amounts to conviction in our minds, that this bird, sent by the Chief of the Police of the Ark, and in fact of the world, for all the world was in the Ark, except what was under water, was a *stool pigeon*.

It is a subject of regret, that just before that Flood did come, somebody, either Shem or Ham, did not pack up a few volumes of the Natural History of those days, just by way of reference to settle these disputed questions, if nothing else. To hear a man, called "a pigeon" one day, "a lark" the next, an "old cock" the next, is very puzzling to the ordinary comprehension. Very. Let us suppose in after times, for example, when that great volcanic eruption which is spoken of, is "done, and been, and gone," folks find one of *Stephens' Natural History*, in some patent asbestos fire proof chest, among the ashes of poor dear old Philadelphia, what amazing difficulty the Ornithologists of those days will have, to trace the resemblance between the "birds" of those days and these days. It is a pity Shem didn't think of it, a great pity—as to Ham, he wasn't up to it nohow—he was a flat, a spooney, for out of derision he has been always associated with greens, "*Bacon and Greens*," down to this very hour.

For the highly satisfactory reasons already given, we are prepared to announce that Noah's dove was really a *stool pigeon*. There may be some people living, of an advanced age, and highly respectable—some among the ripe scholaas of the day, who learn Encyclopedias by heart, look pale, wear seedy habiliments, and talk dictionary, who will not agree with us. Ripe scholars—called ripe, because the greenness of their youth has been mellowed by the many suns of their meridian years—who will positively deny our conclusion—and proclaim that the bird *was* a dove. Notwithstanding their assertions, we are of the same opinion still. Stool pigeon, we say—stool pigeon; there's no use in talking.

Those who are acquainted with that important function of civil government, or rather municipal government; or familiar with the still

more important functionary of that department, classed under the general caption of "*the Detective Police*," must be aware, that to effect objects, there must be certain means used, as well as certain and uncertain ways. We all have heard of "Committees of Ways and Means." This idea of ways and means is a feature in all departments of civil organization; so in Police affairs, there are ways and means. One of these means in the Detective Police, is to find out what is to be detected. It is a truism, as great in police business as well as in the culinary business. In the latter, for example, it is a first principle of the Epicurean art, that before you cook the fish you must catch him. So in the former, before you catch the thief, you must know where he is to be caught. In old times, they used to run after a thief and cry, 'stop him'—but times are changed. Its no use to run now, for a thief can run too; and always does run, it is strange to say. Its a sort of politico-practice. We hear one man runs for Governor, another runs for Congress, another runs for Constable, and another runs away from the constable, and runs for the Penitentiary. The percentage of each class who are successful in getting where they run for, is about the same—unfortunately.

In order then to catch the thief it is important, as we have proved, to know where he is. It is no use to run—and it is more difficult to jump, at a conclusion as to his exact locality; so a pigeon is employed to find out, on the same principle, and course of action, which Noah suggested and practised upon, when he sent his pigeon to find out the dry land, or as we translate it, to spy out the land.

A "stool pigeon," is a spy of the police. His duty is to find out all matters and things in regard to any particular "knock," or "clye-faker," "screwsman" or "cracksman," "stuffer" or "crossman," "fence" or "gonnoff," and report all such information or "news" or any thing "that's out" in general, to the chief of police who is called "the old-un," or to any particular "copper" or "pig" belonging to the staff of the chief.

This bird must be able to get on each particular "lay," know all

the "stalls"—be up to any "dodge," ready for every "double," apt at a "spot," and "leary" at a "pull," "shady" at a "blow," and unerring at a "pipe," "down" upon a "plant," certain as to the "swag," know a "Thimble," from a "Peter" or "dummy," and the "kickers clye" from the "pit," and take a "tip" when "all's right," not always "lagg," the crossman or put him in "quay." Now a man to do all this *must* be "*a bird*."

If he is a bird, he was surely in the Ark, and if he was in the Ark, Noah must have used him to "spot" the land—for it was in search of a spot of land this bird was sent away. Now, it don't matter whether he was called a Dove or not, he was to all intents and purposes Noah's stool pigeon. We hope after this, to hear no more objection to the "Stool Pigeon system," which has of late agonized the pure in heart, in the absence of further moanings over the benighted heathen, the Magdalen Asylum, and other sinners. If old Noah approved and sanctioned this "Stool Pigeon system," why that's at least high and ancient authority. We wish old Wilson and Audubon were alive to read this chapter, how they would open their eyes. Even Dr. Goldsmith would be amazed at the wonderful progress in the science of bird-ology.

We think even honest "George Warrington," and dashing "Captain Shandon," of the "Pall Mall Gazette," would be satisfied at the admirable manner we have dashed off this article. Don't nobody want a sub-editor?

We have described but one specimen of the species stool pigeon; like all other subjects of natural history there are other specimens of the same genus.

In large cities, there are all sorts of places, ins and outs, ups and downs, churches, court houses, play houses, poor houses, jails, hot houses, beer houses, hose houses, &c. &c. Among the various places not yet mentioned, there are those called *Hells*! Now a hell-on-earth is a metaphor and a reality—a man who has a bald-headed, cross-eyed, toothless, loquacious, scolding, abusive, vexatious, vicious,

worthless, drunken wife, with nine small children, and one at the breast, is said by way of *metaphor*, to live in a hell upon earth." If there are many of that sort in *l'other place*, why then it is rather a hot location, for ordinary human nature.

But if you go to a magnificent saloon, richly furnished, mirrors, curtains, cushions, arm-chairs, lounges, sofas, cigars, Cognac, lobster salads, fried oysters, champagne, gas-lights, and *them papers*, and lose all your money, why that's called "*a hell*," in reality.

Now it must be self-evident, that if you don't know where this last kind of hell is located, you can't get there—on the principle of the fish and the thief. In order to enlighten the minds of the ignorant as to the place, those whose interest it is to find customers, employ stool pigeons to hunt out the way.

It is said of the *carrier pigeon*, that its instinct is so great, that if you keep one a long time, feed it well, and let it out, it will come back. This stool pigeon has the same characteristic when let loose on the town. Falling in with a green one, or a country man, or a swell, or an only son with plenty of the dust, or a returned gold digger, or a lucky chap with a lottery prize in his pocket—rare specimen in that time—or a clerk on pay day, or a bank director on discount day—this pigeon will convey them right to the spot. Just about that time the pigeon is both hungry and thirsty, and so he goes back naturally, and takes "his friend"—just out of kindness, no harm meant. The result is, that the friend and not the pigeon, loses his feathers. We rather reckon there wasn't none of them kind in the Ark—unless it was that Dove, that gamboled away on that spot of dry land, and won a leaf. It must have gamboled, and won that leaf, for this pigeon came back with a-bet-ter account than was expected—it made a "raise" at "low water," and was the only "*outsider*" at that.

The reader, on an examination of the portrait of the "stool pigeon," will probably be anxious to learn in which of the characters we have drawn, the other artist has represented him. In answer to

so sensible a question, we beg leave most seriously to reply, in that good old fashioned Anglo-saxon phrase, which is both sententious and expressive—‘We don’t know.’ How should we know, why should we know, what’s the use of knowing? We have done our part, the artist has done his. It is not to be expected, that “Mr. Pencil” and “Mr. Pen,” have both the same ideas. Let the reader examine for himself, and decide for himself—and if he arrives at the conclusion that the pigeon is a dove, or the dove is a pigeon, or the drawing is neither one nor the other, or is something else, or ain’t anything at all, or is only a man on a stool, or whatever he may desire to think it is, why, what’s the difference? We can’t help it, we have tried all in our power to enlighten Mr. Reader—and if he can’t be enlightened, it is his own fault.

Now, let us be distinctly understood, we say it is a stool pigeon—of one class or the other—whichever it may be thought most to resemble. In its habits the stool pigeon resembles the common pigeon. It is neither *feræ naturæ* nor tame; it gets its living on the street; will eat out of your hand; is sometimes fastened up and at other times flies-a-round; generally is found in communities, rarely in isolation. Its longevity is unknown, and the first instance recorded of immortality is to be found in our Natural History, title, ‘Stool Pigeon,’ p. 149.

V.







With the colors by B. von Schöner & Krieger.

LITERARY BIRD.

THE LITERARY BIRD.

(LITERATOR MATHEWSII.)

NEXT, perhaps, to the American or War Eagle, the Secretary Bird attracts the most attention. His approach is always duly heralded by the Trumpeter Bird—a congener of the Secretary—and when the latter appears, all the intellectual part of mankind, and womankind also, all that possess feeling and fancy, are on the *qui vive* to ascertain in what new guise he will exhibit himself, for he has as many changes of dress as a lady of fashion, of as various tints as the rainbow, and never by any chance wears the same garb twice. Should he be a fine specimen of the species, his appearance will always create delight and surprise; for, while you are straining your eyes to see him in one quarter, lo, he suddenly pops up in the opposite direction.

This peculiarity of the Secretary is very annoying, and incomprehensible to plodders and dullards, who are always disturbed at anything

beyond their comprehension; and so, when the true Literary Bird appears upon the horizon, the old Fogies join in a prolonged and doleful hoot. When, however, a steady going Dodo, a heavy-sterned Goose or quacking Duck, slowly looms up and waddles over his well-known course, they fall into raptures of very solemn admiration, at what they term the grace and classic elegance of the poor bird. In fact, every awkward flight of a full-bottomed Dodo is deemed a *chef d'œuvre*. Should the Dodo, however, be betrayed into the sleepest kind of vivacity, or give one semi life-like flap of his heavy wings, these very wise gentry immediately denounce the bird as an impostor and a lunatic, whom they cannot understand. This class all hate the Secretary Bird, as much as they worship the Dodo; and indeed, it is quite natural that they should, for the most prominent peculiarity of his disposition is an invincible hatred of, and repugnance to, all of the toad and reptile species.

A class of mere Cockney sportsmen, High Priests of Dodo worship—frequently getting boozy upon small beer and stale swipes, clap on their fustian jackets, and seizing their pop-guns and squirts, rush out to hunt the Secretary; but by overloading their weapons, or indiscreet haste in pursuit, invariably trip and fall flat in the mud, while our friend the Secretary quietly pursues his way without troubling himself to pay any respect to their prone carcasses. These Cockneys, however, make a good, if not decent, thing out of hunting the Secretary; for by going about and denouncing him as the enemy of Small Beer, and promising to bring him in by-and-by entirely demolished, or mortally wounded, to be tried by a grand inquest of all Cockneydon, they obtain credit at certain Public and Pot-houses, and thus support their families.

These sporting gents employ many a *ruse-de-guerre* to steal a march upon our favorite bird. They change their style of dress—come out at one time “made up” as conductors of newspapers—but so vituperative and slangy, as to frighten all decent people away from them; at others, in the disguise of a magazine editor, although

a certain intolerable odor hanging around them, proclaims their true occupation to be that of night-men. Others again, go around soliciting charity to support them while on their hunting excursions, always crying out about some late lamented brother, and telling or whining about their babies.

But our bird is too many for them all by a long shot; and the proof is, that although they have discharged their pieces thousands of times at him, they have not yet succeeded in ruffling a feather. These Cockney sportsmen are usually left to go by themselves, although they sometimes—by the promise of a pot of beer—entice a native yokel or bumpkin to accompany them as guide, but before the hunt is over, they uniformly lead their cronies into a mud puddle up to their neck, and often leave them there.

The stories these fellows tell about the Secretary are very amusing. They pretend to a perfect acquaintance with his natural history; to know where he sprung from; the year, day, and minute of his birth; the number of his eggs; the times he has shed his feathers; and the genealogy and circumstances of his friends and acquaintances.

I fear that but little dependence could be placed upon Natural History, did all writers upon the subject tell such shocking “Munchausens,” as do the enemies of the Literary Bird. Heavens! how they will fib. They pretend that he is old and feeble, while he is young and vigorous; they assert that he is an ill-favored bird, which any one who looks upon his portrait may see is untrue.

At other times they assert that the Secretary is ill tempered and misanthropic, while a greater fiction could scarcely be perpetrated; since of all the birds that frequent our continent there is none of a more kindly disposition than he; none more ready to do a good turn to any other bird, even to a disabled Dodo, lame Duck, or too-closely plucked Goose—however much in their day of prosperity he may shun such society. Whether the bird be domestic or foreign, wild or tame, it is all one to him, if it be in his power to aid them. He is a determined enemy of oppression in all its phases, strongly attached

to his native soil, ready to battle for it on all occasions, and never happier than when flying beneath the shelter of her starry banner, when some fresh breeze shall have spread it out to its fullest extent, and waved and flashed its glittering stars to and fro, to the manifest fear of tyrants and enemies of freedom. . . . Wherever this banner shades and shelters, the Secretary flies with equal ease and pleasure, be it north or south, east or west—the climate of Massachusetts is not too cold, nor that of South Carolina too hot for him.

Would the enemies of our bird but imitate his example in place of spending their time in abuse of him and his flights, the Literary Zoology of our country would speedily become more respectable and respected.

N.



RICE'S CROW.

Lith. en colors by Rosenthal & Co.

Don Rice

THE RICE CROW.

(CORVUS TURNABOUTII.)

IN the course of our duties, we now present to our readers a life-like representation, and, as far as we have warrant, a truthful history of the "*Rice Crow*." Many countries, and even sections of countries, boast of productions peculiarly their own, whether of a vegetable, mineral, or animal substance, and take some notoriety to themselves for this exclusive privilege. We of the city of Brotherly Love, lay claim to the Star Fish and Giraffe, described in our first number, and our sister city, New York, boasts the production of the "rara avis" we are now treating of.

Neither the Rice Crow, nor any of its species, were held in much repute, till within the last twenty years; their general appearance being rather repulsive than otherwise, and the sounds they utter, offensive to the ear; besides which, their gloomy aspect would infer that they sought not for bright results, but looked on the black side of everything. However, as faith removes mountains of doubt, so fashion

will remove the rocks of objection and distaste; thus it proved with the subject of our sketch, who, like Lord Byron, went humbly to his roost one night, and waking in the morning, finding himself to be a great bird, did nothing but dance and crow for years after. We have often been present when these saltatorial and vocal fits were on, and in the simplicity of our hearts have felt alarmed for its health and safety, for it would dance and crow with such fury that it was perfectly "black in the face." Upon first beholding these exploits, we intimated our anxiety to a friend, who laughed at our verdancy, and posted us regularly up in its general history as follows:

The original Rice Crow is of large size—the tones of its voice rather agreeable than otherwise, although resembling very closely the sounds peculiar to the natives of Africa; it is very active, and like the Magpie and Parrot, learns words and songs with wonderful accuracy; the most remarkable circumstance connected with it, is its Chameleon-like property of changing from white to black, which transition almost invariably takes place at night, when in pursuit of food; this change is so sudden and complete, as to almost defy recognition. It chiefly locates in cities, as more can be picked up in them than in the country; in this respect it differs materially from the Field Crow; the latter commits its depredations on the pockets of the Farmer, the former on those of the Merchant, Lawyer, and Mechanic, who smile all the time, and in their ecstasy call him a perfect "Jem Crow." When at the meridian of its popularity, it was very flighty—not in the head—and ventured to cross the Atlantic. Its sudden appearance there, caused general excitement among the Anglo-Saxon race, who once more became wild,—a fact which Macaulay will have to chronicle, if ever his history should reach that date, which of itself, will prove as great an era. They ran after it, go where it would, scorning the vulgar and obsolete notion of sprinkling salt upon its steering apparatus, they threw gold and silver in abundance; nay, even crowns were freely offered, but like republican Cæsar, he seized upon their sovereigns, yet he scorned their crowns, for on old Neptune's bosom

often has he waved them back. On his return to our midst, no difference was observed in his habits or manners, but in its plumage there was considerable change, silver and gold being the most striking colors. There is one peculiar power it possesses, which we have reserved for the substance of our concluding remarks—we allude to an entirely unconscious method of propagation. Wherever it has been, numbers of the same form and color have risen up, “phoenix like, by Jove,” but destitute of those qualifications which characterized their great original; yet still, at first, as if from a spirit of kind remembrance towards the fountain-head, the streams were permitted to flow, till at length they began to swell with such power, that their former course was changed, and many became so impure with the numerous polluted springs with which they mixed, that passing unheeded by, they hurried onward to the waters of oblivion, leaving behind them but a feeble remembrance that such things once were. In short, the nature of the species seems changed, for an overwhelming majority of them now prey upon Tailors, Boot-makers, and Boarding-house keepers, as if the repeated process of changing color had made it also necessary to “cork up” the kindlier feelings of the heart, and “hawk” about for misrule, riot, and indecency to supply their places. There are some specimens of the genuine, not so spotted or blemished, but they are rare, and difficult to meet with; still, were it not for these few, a war of extermination would inevitably take place.

We take leave of our subject with as much regret as in parting from a dear friend, whom we may never meet again; the sweetness of the pleasures he has often caused us, are now embittered with the stern reality that he is falling into “the sear and yellow leaf.” The flight of the Rice Crow up the tree of life is nearly completed, in a little time he will have made the last bough (*bow*). May his next flight be in that ethereal atmosphere to which his numerous virtues entitle him to ascend; and whenever that event takes place, the

esteem of thousands will follow him, and his memory be cherished while their lives continue. With him, the spirit of Negromancy will depart, even as through him it came in; minstrels may harmonize in vain, all attempts at resuscitation will be useless; the glory will have departed!

T. McK.

P. S. The foregoing may not give equal satisfaction to all our readers; some few, no doubt, would have preferred its omission altogether; but as Naturalists, we have a duty to perform to the rising, as well as the present generation, and that duty were but poorly performed, had any one opened our volume when finished, and proved to us that we had been guilty of "jumping Jim Crow."





Lith in colors by Rosenthal & Kramer

BIRD OF PARADISE.

BIRD OF PARADISE.

(PARADISEA SUPERBA.)

ACCORDING to M. Lesson, these “are birds of passage, changing their quarters according to the monsoons. The females congregate in troupes, assemble upon the highest trees, and all cry together, to call the males.”

Bennet in his “Wanderings,” says of the *Paradisea Apoda*:—
“This elegant creature has light, playful and graceful manners, with an arch look; dances about when a visitor approaches, and seems delighted at being made an object of admiration.”

We quote the above to show how very limited have been the observations of Naturalists, upon the habits and peculiarities of this interesting member of our family. There are many traits which must have entirely escaped the notice of Buffon and Linnæus. These gentlemen confined their investigations to the country—we think cities afford the best opportunities for observing the habits of this beautiful creature. There we find specimens in the greatest variety, from the favorite of the *Salon*, to the domesticated bird that sits perched at the window of her magnificent cage, without any disposition to escape, seeming very well contented with captivity.

The young birds have very uninteresting habits until entirely away

from care and guardianship of the parent bird. After they have become fully developed, the sexes are judiciously separated; and, consequently, there grows up, with the females, a coquettish distrust of the other sex, which cannot easily be removed or overcome. This produces a diffidence in their flights, which prevents an entire display of the various graceful movements for which they become afterwards celebrated.

The most effectual means to counteract the evils of this course of taming, has been found to result from the following ingenious method. The male birds prepare large and brilliant cages of enormous dimensions, to which they invite, by bill-ets, the most lovely and charming of the other sex. These gatherings take place at night, and are diversified by music, hopping, wheeling, pirouetting, and perching—similar to the feats of smaller birds on Valentine's Day. Two or three gatherings of this kind are discovered to have removed all the bashful timidity of the young female bird, and she may then be frequently seen "billing and cooing" on her own hook, or perch, as she rests from the fatigue of a Polka or Quadrille.

It is at this interesting epoch in the history of the Paradisea, that our artist has taken the picture that is the subject of this article. This is considered a very fair specimen of the species to be seen in Chestnut street, or Broadway, at all seasons. Her movement, as she flits along the promenade, attracts general observation. Characterised by every grace, her flight is an exquisite performance of what otherwise might be considered ideal—being the "very poetry of motion." Taking her features separately she would be a native of every land where beauty dwells. Her eyes have all the depth and expression of an Italian Improvisatrice—all the sentiment and devotion of a Corregio Magdalen. Her brow is like twilight—lingering beneath the night that hides among her raven tresses. Her mouth is beyond all art, or imitation—the lips, scarce parted, look as if moulded to their present beauty by the music of her charming song, as though an angel, passing while she sung, had exorcised all evil thoughts, and left her sacred to the melody of heavenly sounds. Her bust is

magnificently grand—moving beneath the proud and graceful crest like a statued Juno, flecked with moonlight. Her hands and arms are more beautiful in their motion than the scarf of Zephyrus, and play before her plumage like the twins of flame which burn in the torches borne before Aurora. Her plumage falls from her shoulders like clouds that vanish into the bow of Iris. Her feet are captivating, and are the distinguishing marks of her superiority—for the real bird of Paradise has the smallest foot, the most flexible instep, and the most elegantly turned ancle, of any or all birds that fly. There are fears entertained, however, at present, that more than the foot must be exhibited on the promenade. There has been a remarkable, and entire change in bird costume, introduced by the Bloomer-Bird. It is an invention to curtail the fair proportions of the lower plumage. By this fashion all birds will be nearly deprived of the flowing tail which has for so long a period graced our “beau ideal” of Bird-dress. This is to be lamented, as there is a probability that our birds may become turkeys, and look rather like harem-scarems! Such a costume would do very well for water-fowl, but rather obnoxious to land-birds, excepting in cases of trailing among the “high grass.” It is true that our birds of Paradise migrate in warm seasons, and often frequent watering places, but the usual feathers for such places will turn water as well as Turkey-pants or Bloomer-down!

Among the peculiarities of our birds of Paradise, is the habit they have of roosting in daylight. One of their favorite roosting places is the Art Union Gallery. Here they may be seen in great numbers, perched before the pictures that include some specimens of our favorite Canvas-back Duck. It is not believed that this spot will continue to be the favorite resort, however, for the Paradisea. Its habits, of changing according to the monsoons, render it very probable that they may be induced to change according to the monsieurs, and therefore take their flight to those haunts where the handsomest of the other sex generally congregate—Coney Island, Rockaway, Newport, Cape May, Long Branch, or Schooley’s Mountain.

They have already set apart one day in seven, for a general roost

at the large cages that beautify our cities, where they perch in great numbers, observing a decorous silence, and listen to the Bishop-bird, who descants upon the follies of the age. This is one of their most commendable habits, but rather dangerous, as it affords a fine opportunity for Hawks to assemble, and select their favorite prey when the birds are dispersing.

The most beautiful habits of our bird may be observed at the Opera, or the Soiree Musicale. There they put on their most enchanting manners, and most bewitching costume. The heavy top-knot of their street plumage is then thrown aside, and the glossy plumage of their crests falls about their arched necks like the leaves and tendrils on the thyrsis of Bachantes. There is no plumage that equals Opera-dress for display. It sets off every charm, and makes the Opera the most delightful rendezvous of society. Here is an opportunity for the beautiful exercise of the fan, and the opera-glass. Military tactics have no motion in their manual that can vie with the direct "present arms" of the opera-glass. It *fetches* every one; and it has been asserted that an experienced Bird of Paradise can "spot" a moustache, or military button, at the furthest corner of the boxes.

There is a belief that the Paradisea, after its earthly career, takes a returning flight to the Garden of Eden, and that by good conduct here is allowed the privilege of carrying one of the male birds along. Now, our most ardent wish is to be one of the selected number! We have an idea, that a passage to that sacred place, wound about in the pinions of one of these fair creatures, would be rather preferable to a balloon ascension on horseback, or on Pusey's Eagle. In anticipation of such an event, we have been securing all the goose-quills and swansdown in the market, so as to be prepared for an early flight. We have engaged Mrs. Partington to write our valedictory for the occasion, and are now making preparations for the service of several crows, to act as Moore-ners at our departure, and have secured the Swedish Nightingale to chant the ascending anthem to the memory and virtues of

COCK ROBIN.





Lith in colors by Rosenthal & Kraemer.

MASONIC TERRAPIN.

THE MASONIC TERRAPIN.

(OBSTETRIX AUCTORUM.)

WHEN the artist presented for our inspection, the drawing of the *Masonic Terrapin*, we were sorely oppressed with “a confluence of ideas on the brain.” It was almost an ideal-apoplexy: not however of that sort which is produced by eating terrapins. We lost all consciousness. Phantoms of Morganised turtles—Masonic suppers—free blows—champagne and cigars—songs and stories:—wit and whiskey—wine and watchmen—dyspepsia and diarrhoeticks passed before our vision, with funereal slowness and solemnity. It was long before we returned to a sense of actual vitality. Gazing on the picture, dreaming of the vision, the first impression that took the form of thought was to audibly inquire, if all these things belonged to the “Family Robinson”—an indignant *No* from our publisher, startled us into our propriety. Then it was we discovered the great resemblance between a free mason and a free terrapin. It is in their *shut-up-*

iveness. Ask a Mason his secret, touch him with an interrogatory, and he shuts-up, mum as a mummy. Touch a free terrapin as he is going quietly into his lodge on the sea-shore, to ask him when he will be ready for supper—and he shuts-up just like the Mason. The ancient York Mason, and the York cove oyster, and the York bay terrapin, must have some astounding secrets among themselves; when any do come out, won't the people gulp them down, secrets and shell-fish—which will go down the best, depends very much on how they are “cooked up.” A secret on a chafing-dish, is a novelty—although the Masons do talk a great deal about their secrets on the “gridiron.” It is about as easy for one to be “done brown,” on either utensil.

There is a marked resemblance between the turtle and the Mason : as we have shown—but we think the verisimilitude is liable to be yet further extended. There are as we know, mock turtles, snapping turtles, green turtles, and land turtles : so with the Masons—but the green Masons predominate over the snappers, and the mock Masons are scarce. The only aqueous specimen we ever heard of, was the one that mysteriously found its way into Niagara : this must have been a female specimen—of rather doubtful reputation—we never knew her consort, and she had a large family. Out of respect to so delicate a relation in life, her offspring always called her aunty-Mason.

We have thrown, all the ‘light of Masonry,’ or rather terrapinic Masonry, in our power ; if more is desired by the reader, we refer him to R. W. P. G. M. Chandler, who any night in the wick, will light up, show the moulds and the dips of ancient Greece, and then sit down over a Masonic terrapin, and other fixings, with a degree of satisfaction only known to the mysteries of the Order. There is something very fat, jovial, good-natured, and convivial in a terrapin. Who has not decided a bet over terrapin for 6?—who has not been of the party, feasted on terrapins and champagne?—who has not been invited to join the social ‘circle’ in a ‘box,’ over terrapin and punch, where

the night has glided away, till the small hours of the morning have crawled on the board?

Poor, defenceless, uncomplaining, heart-broken, secret-keeping terrapin. Food for publishers, painters, parsons, parasites, publicans, patriots, politicians, poets. Let us for a moment imagine three or four quiet, solemn, hungry parsons, after long fasting, with good digestion and a "special collection," orderly assembled, on a bleak, dreary, windy, December night, over "terrapins for half a dozen," a "little good old spirits," and cigars for their several affections of the bronchial organs: a picture of self-denial, victorious over worldly lust! Oh, if McClees & Germon, celebrated in their art, would only use their renowned skill in daguerreotyping these "shepherds," over this repast! Poor terrapin! Unite as a subscriber to a dinner to a "distinguished statesman;" take a seat at the table; listen to the speech of the chairman; the patriotic toasts; the great speech of the Hon. Washington Jefferson Jackson Smallpotatoes; and cast your eye on the poor terrapin—still it keeps its own secret: mason-like. It never lets out a word or sign of complaint or anguish. It serves as the basis of all the satisfaction of these gatherings. It performs an important part, in political or pious feasts.

That the student may not be in doubt, we have drawn the likeness of one of these singular quadrupeds in full life. It "stands erect," full of fat and fun. In one eye you see the mischievous twinkle of a "Billy Vidkins," in the other, the quiet drollery of a "John Donkey"—a combination of character, which once germinated in the phiz of a 'printer's devil,' but which is now subdued into that intelligent serio-comic expression which so admirably belongs to 'our publisher.' Extraordinary terrapin! True to its character, it furnishes food for the fun-loving reader to-day; to-morrow solemnizes itself into a condition to refresh the pious Christian who delights in religious literature; the next day, cooked up into that flavor which gives a *gout* to a 'Dutch almanac,' and ever and anon is hashed up into all kinds of ragouts, from a 'paper book' to a 'pamphlet.' Good

terrapiin! Never complaining, always fat, ever jolly, universally secret, yet proffering 'proof upon proof' of the characteristics we have delineated.

The unlearned reader may inquire, if our specimen is a 'heifer' or a 'cow,' as by these terms terrapins are known to the epicure. 'What a question to be suggested after all we have already said! A cow? Oh, Sam, who would have thought for a moment, you could be mistaken for any 'udder' kind than you are! You are no cow; you worship at no such tit-ulary shrine. Benevolent as our artist has truthfully drawn you, you are the parent of no such common-veal, as, with the "lowing herd, winds slowly o'er the lea." Meek, gentle, and kind as you are, no cow-ard blood is to be found under your shell. No, poor terrapiin, you are no cow, whatever else you may be. Judging from the eggs, which are regarded as so delicate a morceau in the cooked terrapiin, one would fain believe you were a fowl—yet you are "no chicken"—however much you may, as our publisher, look after our brood, as the result of 'Hen.'s' eggs. You may be a heifer. But after taking a look at the drawing, we opine, that he who would doubt as to your proper position in this or any other Natural History might expect at your hands, what in France is called, a "bull-versement," such a shaking, as in all after time could leave no doubt on the subject. But so long as those 're-gal-ia' are about, you will keep your secret on the subject; and we wont further put you "to press," or have you bound 'in calf,' to answer. You carry on your back a coat of 'mail,' at all events; and if the public, in testimony of your efforts on our behalf, will only 'shell-out,' so that you may gain the 'shell-ings,' and save yourself from being one of Pharoah's "lean kind," you can stand well the cream of this joke, and not be under the necessity of committing cannibal-istic suicide, in eating yourself. Poor terrapiin! well, you have been cooked up in a new dish this time. Some men say, "Save us from our friends!" but you can cry out! "Save me from a cuisine!" [don't mistake the word for cousin] as thus being 'roasted' is worse than "a stew." Roasted terrapiin is

an Epicurean novelty. And you don't like it? Well, we have full faith in your Masonic teachings, that you will keep this as a secret, and never let the world know the current of your thoughts on the subject. Fare-well, friend terrapin, and if in our remarks we have been the least personal—if we have trod on your toes—if we have hurt your feelings—if we have taken you by the “collar”—or pulled too hard at your “apron”—string—if we have put your temper to the “proof”—if we have said a word, that, unlike yourself, could be mistaken—we will go to Guy's, or Prosser's, or ‘Jenny's,’ or some other place, and settle this difference, by showing the difference between a Masonic terrapin and a terrapinized Mason.

Well, reader, who ever you may be, we have endeavored to enlighten, instruct, and amuse you, on the subject of a Masonic terrapin in particular, or, more properly speaking, a particular Masonic terrapin. Fully to understand all we wish the types to express, you must familiarize yourself with the process of practical printing. Go for example into a large and celebrated printing establishment—take KING & BAIRD'S—ask for the “head devil” of the concern, request him to inform you in what manner printing on types, or publishing, is connected with a Masonic terrapin. The question is worth the asking, for he will answer it promptly, by introducing to you the publisher of Stephens' Natural History; then, if you can properly realize the exact impression that ought at once to force itself on your mind, you will invite the editor, author, and publisher, and the printer that “set-up” this copy, to go round to “Rockwell's,” and enjoy with you a good old-fashioned terrapin supper. Well, let's go. Just a snug party—Let's see: Editor 1, publisher 2, reader 3, author 4, printer 5; yes, that's right, come on——! Sam! terrapins for





OLD SHAD & YOUNG.

Lith in colors of Rosenthal.



THE SHAD.

(ADORATOR STANNI.)

THE Shad is a pensive fish, and although one would suppose it would prefer solitude, is nevertheless much addicted to travelling in schools. This speaks volumes for its intellectual capacity, and satisfactorily explains the reason why it so heroically places itself in the van, as a leader of the armies of the Delaware, in their attack upon the palates of the foe. The Shad first made its appearance in our waters in the year 1682; although two of them, females, appeared in Boston Harbor in 1656, and increasing rapidly, were visited by a Fox in 1672, which amalgamation accounts, in a scientific point of view, for the slyness of the fish, as well as its propensity to double at every opportunity. The principles of the Shad are not progressive; yet, as a body, they increase largely and diminish almost as rapidly every season. The young Shad is disposed to be progressive; as long as he is kept in the schools, he generally moves with the same

aquatic gravity as his forefathers, but when emancipated from the overseeing eye of parental fondness, he contrives to cut a splash, "on his own hook." It was a young Shad in a moment of ecstatic freedom, who gave to the world those beautiful lines, "Row brothers, row." The Shad is filled to the brim with benevolence, but it is for his own kind: and who can blame him? Doth not man prey upon him? Yea, make of him an exhibition in the market place? Lifteth not the huckster the savory piscatorial prize high aloft, with finger thrust ruthlessly through gill, "like burning battle red," as she exclaimeth, "fine fat he-shad, mam, only a levy and four!"

And yet doth the Shad submit to the indignity, for what availeth him his struggles? Is it not written, that the evil wrought in the flesh, by his great progenitors, shall be expiated upon the very soil where erst they placed their feet in silence, but with the determined resolution to circumvent the gudgeon called the Red man? Yea! fell there not then a Shad-(oh!) upon the land—a shadow of long coming suffering!

The Shad hold a yearly meeting early in the Spring, when large numbers of them are daily seen; they show their contempt for their foes, by rushing into their mouths, and are found in large numbers every day, for two weeks, upon the side walks of the city, as well as upon the stalls of the market. This is the more singular, as their elders must be aware that, by the laws of their sworn enemy, on and after the tenth day of June, they are privileged to poke their noses wherever they choose, without fear or danger, and such conduct therefore argues on their part great ignorance or fool-hardiness. It is possible, as the old ones are rarely caught, that the younger portion of the community are kept in ignorance of the law; or that, as in the days of Caligula, the laws may be posted so high, as to render it impossible for the multitude to read them. A learned friend of ours suggests the doubt also, whether "Jersey law is really a beneficial law, and not intended as a snare for the innocent," as the State appears to be much disposed to sustain an overgrown

“corporation,” and evinces a strong desire to “make fish” of strangers, and “flesh” for themselves; we have also a theory of our own, that the old Shad are disciples of Malthus, and fear a superabundant population. Be this as it may, however, the days of shadhood we regret to say, are brief, although to many it is a source of fervent joy, on account of the intimate connection subsisting between the advent of shad and the rise of butter.

In the annals of Shaddom, there runneth an ancient prophecy, to wit :

“Whenne ye fyrste shadde from Shaddome, shall wandere fulle free,
To a countrie some thousands of miles o’er ye sea :
And shall squizzle ye Redde manne, of lande manie a roode,
His chyldrene shalle pay for ye same with their bluide.”

The prophecy is in progress of fulfillment, and will go on doubtless to the end of Shaddom. “This even-handed justice commends itself to our own lips,” and the acknowledgment of this justice, it is supposed, first clothed the Shad with scales.

W. A. S.







Lith. in colors by Rosenthal & Krieger

DRIESBACH'S LION.

BLACK TIGER.

DRIESBACH'S LION AND BLACK TIGER.

(LEO DRIESBACHII.)

(TIGRIS ROCKWELLI.)

As fair Desdemona, when summoned to meet her father and "the Moor" before the Venitian Senate, exclaimed,—“I do perceive here a divided duty!”—so we, in endeavoring to describe the subjects of our present chapter, find a two-fold and difficult task before us, for in stirring up the Lion, we might simultaneously arouse his anger; and if we should be happy enough to escape in that quarter, the Tiger might feign “low spirits,” and not “stir up” at all, in which case his chief attractions would be lost. But we fancy our auditory are growing impatient, and various conjectures are being formed by the juveniles in science, as to “which is the Lion and which is the Tiger, Mr. Showman?” we will proceed, borrowing as we go, a little of the favorite panoramic style of lecturing, in order better to illustrate the specimens before us. Ahem! (a tumbler containing a transparent and colorless liquid is here handed up, which consorts well with the snow-white neck-cloth and perfumed handkerchief of the Lecturer, and gives a wonderful effect in adding to the illusion of the

scene.) Ladies and gentlemen,—the animals to which your attention is now politely called, form a branch of the Domestic Natural History of our happy country; (the Bear and Hyena here have a little disagreement;) they are the only specimens I believe ever exhibited in public, and are therefore deserving of some particular observation. (Several eye-glasses are here elevated, at which the *caged* Monkeys become indignant, and retaliate by making the ends of their thumb and fore-finger meet, and peeping through the circle thus formed.) You will please patiently accompany me, while I briefly narrate the peculiarities of each. (The *tumbler* is here raised, and an ape turns a *somerset*.) The animal on the upper portion of the rock is “the Driesbach Lion,” erroneously believed by some to be of foreign growth; (the imported Lion here stops short in his perambulations, stares for a second, turns up his nose, then walks to and fro as usual;) his ancestors doubtless were so, but the specimen before you is a native of Shannon, Schoharie county, State of New York; it was not caught or caged till it had attained nearly its full size; so, little is known of its early habits and nature, but from its present developments, we may easily and safely conclude, that it must have been wild, headstrong and daring, to a great degree. (An asthmatic sigh from the Elephant Columbus, and a sympathetic one from the elderly mothers present, affording an excellent opportunity for elevating the tumbler again.) Like the ordinary Lion, its main (*mane*) beauty is in the head, its abundant and flowing locks almost leading one to the belief, that numerous Bears must have been unsparingly slaughtered to produce so fine an effect; (the ghost of the murdered Polar Bear here stalks along;) its eye is fierce and commanding, its limbs of great size and strength, while its watchful and fearless spirit never sleeps; these qualities combined, give it immense power and influence over other animals, all of whom appear to be subservient to his look and gesture. But though he reigns over and governs the inmates of the vast forest, he is easily ruled by man; with him his nature becomes at once changed, and assumes a docile aspect; many

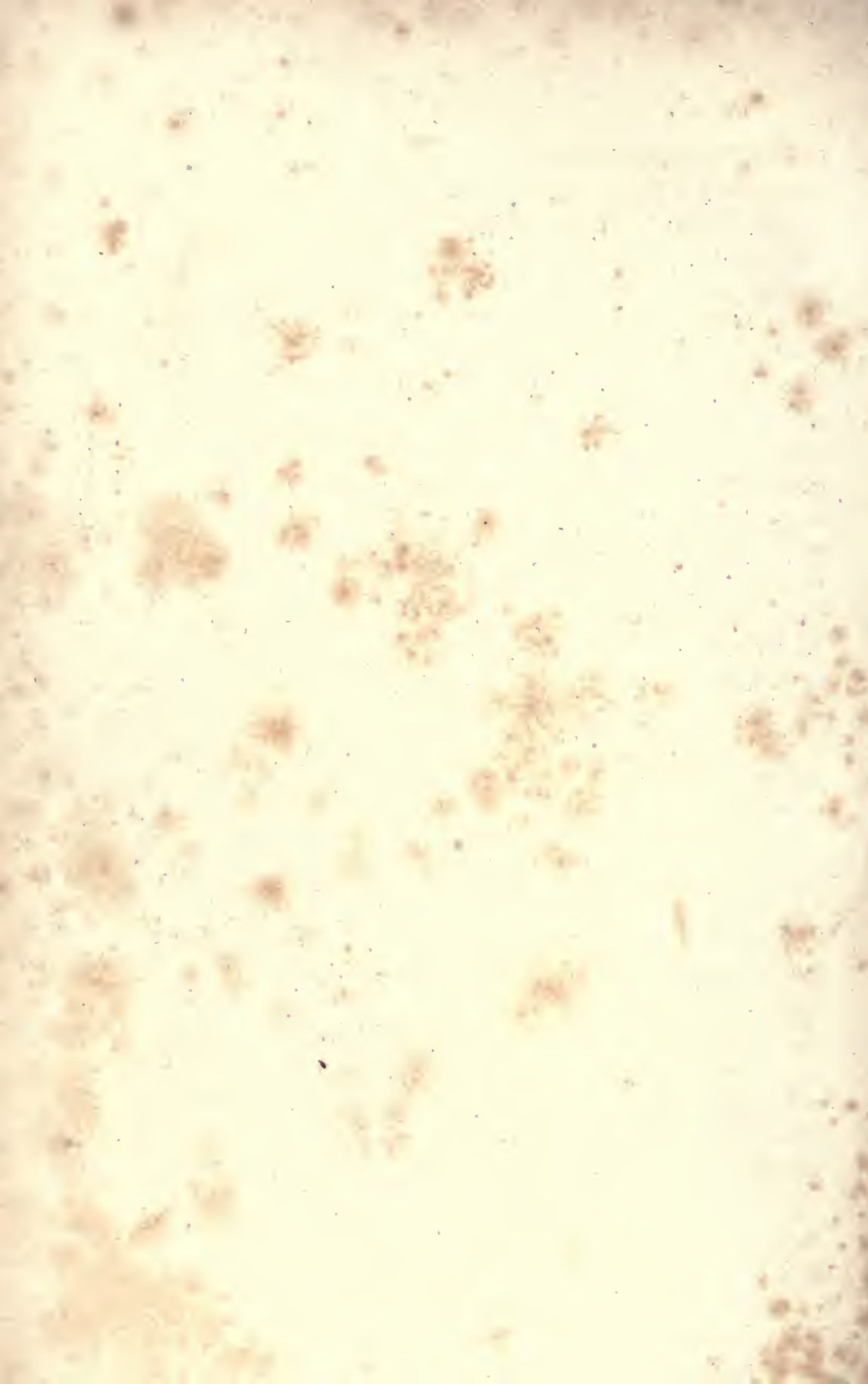
a pleasant hour may be passed in his society. He is extremely voracious, eats plentifully either of "fried or in the shell," and drinks pretty nearly "as often as he is asked;" meets friend or foe with equal firmness, and has seldom been known to "*re-treat*," except upon extreme cases; being so partial to shell fish, we presume, has made him thus "close." He is very *play*-ful, and many would infer that he was partial to equestrian exercise, having seen him repeatedly "saddle the horse,"—but that is the full extent of the operation, for being a *bachelor* of (*he*) arts, he is averse to the *bridle* ceremony, a *curb* is set upon his *rein*, and he cannot move a *bit*. (The Grizzly Bear shows symptoms of displeasure, and the learned Parrot exclaims, "Did you say, oh, pshaw, too?") Before leaving this portion of our lecture for the lower branch, it may be as well to correct a foolish idea which has gained some footing with the misinformed,—that is, with regard to the *sex* of the Driesbach Lion,—many supposing it to be female, from the fact of persons, when speaking of its appearance, feats, properties, &c., usually preface their inquiry by saying,—Have you seen "*Her*"?—or, Do you know "*Her*"? and so forth; but the reply invariably is, No, I do not know "*him*," or, have not seen "*him*," &c.; if this is not sufficient proof of his title to the masculine, we will add our written guaranty, and further state, that all attempts to procure a suitable "*match*" for him, have failed. (A simultaneous movement observed—a gentleman in the rear rubs a locofoco across the back of a turtle—the young Elephant whistles a sigh, two young maidens breathe one a-piece, and the old ones think of the "good old days of Adam and Eve"—the tumbler up again—the "*glass*" points to "*dry*" weather.) We proceed now to describe the animal "*couchant*" at the foot of the Lion: it is designated the "*Black Tiger*;" they are thus coupled in our History, because they are so in our memory, having seen them frequently so in the walks of life; you would almost infer that an indissoluble tie existed between them, or that they were cradled with each other, seeing they "*Rock*"-well together. "A foolish figure—farewell it." In its

habits the "Black Tiger" differs somewhat from the "Lion," although like him, he shows to good advantage behind the "Bars;" 'tis there a stranger would admire him most, but when you know him better, you will equally esteem him when you find him taking the part of the weak against the strong, consoling the sick, or relieving the distressed; we have seen him in many shapes, and admire him in all. But it is not our task to descant upon the merits or demerits of those we select, this department we leave to the individuals themselves, and those who constitute their friends; our duty is to put a good polish on the mirror, then hold it up to nature, and amuse the world with the reflections we create, which, if we succeed in doing, our end is accomplished, for we will then have done enough. But to proceed;—connected with the history of the "Black Tiger," is a certain famous "club," this is purposely omitted in the engraving before you, and so it must be in the present lecture, beyond a mere mention of it, for if the "Black Tiger Club" were to be described, it would occupy an entire number of itself, besides causing a dispute, for the "Lion" claims the sovereignty, while the "Black Tiger" holds possession of it; we will simply state that the aforementioned "Club" is composed of the choicest materials,—the very heart of *oak*, *box*-ed carefully up; its *ash*-es will be cherished, when we have occasion to *pine* for its decay from the *leaves* of our memory. The best friends have differences at times, so do the subjects of our present lecture; and when any dispute arises between these famous creatures, the sagacious "Tiger" gives the "counter" blow, retires behind his "bars," and with the aid of a certain "gentleman in black," calls to his aid a formidable array of "spirits," which have the effect of bringing the Lion to his senses, when "Quarter, quarter," is heard cried, especially if no more than "five" happen to be present; it seems as if that magic number were necessary to a "piping to quarters." Like the "Lion," we should say he was fond of equestrianism, having on numerous occasions seen him assist in the hazardous ceremony of "saddling" that aforesaid celebrated "horse," who, as soon as he is

“saddled,” won’t stay so, however “tight” you may draw; and as a further proof of his partiality to the above exercises, we may state that he has a perfect stud of sorrel-colored “ponies” of his own; these are of so “spirited” a nature, that if you are not careful in cultivating a proper familiarity with them, you will be kicked over before you are aware of it. The “Black Tiger” species has lately become so mixed, that it is difficult to meet with one of the “right stripe,” but the one our artist has “spotted,” is of the genuine sort; to many, he appears, and is, an “Odd-Fellow,” but he is a “Good-Fellow,” though death on “Masonic Terrapins;” from these he derives a great portion of his living, which is done in a somewhat curious way,—he at first “shells out” liberally to them, with the aid of the before mentioned “gentleman in black,” and after having fed them to a certain degree of inactivity, his combined forces of “spirits” and “ponies” are summoned, the insinuating powers of the one added to the repeated kicks of the other, soon have the effect of making them in their turn “shell out” also; but so agreeable is the operation, that they come again and again to have its powers applied to them, and when continued within the bounds of decorum, all parties thrive and prosper by the application. (An exclamation of Pooh! from the Poonah Bear.)

These notable creatures have now been separated for some months; the “Lion” is at present being chased northward by the “Hum-Bug,” described in No. 2, who is “puffing” and “buzzing” about like an excited steamboat, trying to overtake and over-reach him; the ears of the Public have been “*Pierce*”-d with the various movements, and we patiently await the news of the encounter. In the meantime, we advise all our readers to meet at the “Tiger’s” den, South-east corner Eighth and Walnut, as often as convenient, and superintend the mixture of sour-crout, to be prepared against the “Lion” returns to his winter quarters in the Walnut Grove, close to the cage of his friend the “Tiger.”

T. McK.







Lith. in colors by Rosenthal & Krummer.

VAMPIRE.

THE VAMPIRE.

(PSALMICANTOR VEHEMENS.)

SAID the quaint old Bishop Fuller, "I have read of a bird which hath a face like, and yet will prey upon a man: who, coming to the water to drink, and finding there by reflection, that he had killed one like himself, pineth away by degrees, and never afterwards enjoyeth itself." How inapplicable to the creature of the present day, who, preying upon his fellow-man, reaps not only enjoyment, but profit, and perhaps a renown—of infamy.

Born in a fable—a myth of the sunny climes of India,—it is yet in civilized Europe and America, a fact as palpable as the instability of a politician, or the falsity of friendship. It grows by what it feeds on, thriving most luxuriantly on the most dainty delicacies of society—the pure and noble-minded heart; the reputation, that, knowing no wrong, fears no stain, and recks not of the secret foe, until the Parthian shaft strikes home.

There is a social, as well as a political Vampyre; the former is more secret in its operations—it hails you with the kiss of peace—even with the taint of the thirty pieces of silver upon its lips, and giving you the embrace of friendship, daily inflicts the secret stab upon your honor and your reputation, tainting the life's blood, and withering the heart of the unconscious victim. The grasp of Cæsar Borgia was not more sure; the poison which his envenomed ring gave forth was not more deadly, than is the tongue of the social Vampyre of the civilized world.

Yea, we have known it to invade the Sanctuary; to take the shape even of those who turn up their hypocritical eyes to heaven, and daily smiting their breasts, thank God they “are not as the publican.”

Filled with a fervor, which in their blasphemous idea is akin to the Godhead, they offer up solemn prayers with the lips, while in their hearts they are devising some smooth and specious tale of villainy, which, in the eye of the truly righteous, would be deemed a foul lie, but which the sensitive minions of society soften into the inoffensive term of “a little scandal.” Mark then how eagerly, ere the dying tones of the last prayer have ceased to fall upon the ear, they seize some spirit like unto themselves, and into their ear “pour the leprous distilment,” the slander and the shame destined to murder some inoffending one by inches; with a refinement of torture drawing drop by drop the heart's blood of the guileless and the innocent being, whose crime it is to be purer than themselves.

It has not the boldness and courage of the desperado, who meets you with the knife and the pistol, and at least gives you a chance for life in the deadly struggle. It lurks in the darkness; it strikes in whispers; it sends forth its venom in anonymous letters; it fattens and revels on the good and noble heart in silence. Then, when bleeding at every pore from the foul slanders that meet it at every turning in the social world, the victim seeks for pity, and finds none: then comes the holiday of this fiend of hell, clothed in the

garb of angels ! Then is this Vampyre of the human heart happy in the paradise it has created for itself, amid the ruined temples of humanity.

The best specimens of a political Vampyre, are generally to be found at the head of some ostensible moral, and high-toned journal. All is fish that comes to their net; under the assumption of a political morality, they can indulge in the censure, the sneer and the lie ; true it is, avowing great candor, and "feeling the necessity of speaking boldly the truth," they sometimes "o'erstep the modesty of nature;" and finding that the pulse of the community does not beat responsive to their own, cheerfully (as they say) make the correction, and are extremely gratified to be enabled so to do. But, "swifter than arrow from Tartar's bow," the poisoned shaft has fled with electric speed, throughout the length and breadth of the land; and the correction, if made, may seek to overtake the lie, and seek in vain. It is Godwin, who says, we believe, in his novel of Mandeville, "They disseminate the lie, and send after it the acknowledgment of their error: but the lie flies fast, and the vindication never can overtake it."

Now, your mere politician, is perhaps no better than he should be, and such is the opinion of the mass of the community. Your legislator and your statesman may occasionally expose their weakest spot; the vulnerable part of Achilles was the heel, and the shaft of Paris found it; so be assured, if the seeker after fame and power, however pure he may be now, has ever faltered, or fallen into a venial sin, the shaft of the political Vampyre will be sure to reach it, even through the dim distance of a score of years. As to the Vampyre himself, he is invulnerable to aught but "Black mail," judiciously administered. If there is a vulnerable spot about him, you may rest assured it is not the heart.

Again, let the artist, filled with a high and noble appreciation of the beauty of her art, appear among us from a distant land; in her moral worth, sublime; in her artistical excellence, rare; a very woman,

yet a true and honest one. You may hear afar, the flutter of the Vampyre's wings, as he circles round her, glaring upon her with a sinister eye. "The pound of flesh, but not one drop of blood," said Portia to the Jew. "The pound of flesh, aye, and the drop of blood," says your moral journalist, "or we will fasten on you, and day by day draw from your sensitive heart, by slander and defamation, by ridicule and bravado, the daily pang to darken your pathway through the world forever." If she resists, though she may suffer, good men will applaud; if she succumbs, and feeds the ponderous maw of the vile thing, through fear, she will find as others have found, that the praise of the corrupt is more to be dreaded than their censure; and that the surest way to meet and overcome such a foe, is to spurn with contempt the snake, whose touch is loathsome, and whose daily path is known by the slimy track he leaves behind.

Yea, the Vampyre revels everywhere: in the Sanctuary, in the crowded mart, by the domestic hearth; everywhere he is to be found. Strip off the mask of hypocrisy which he wears abroad, and you will find the face of a fiend; beware, lest in doing so, you strike at the foundation of your worldly happiness, in thus betraying to your eyes the false face and false heart which you have daily taught yourself to love; better, perhaps, to live on in ignorance of the wrong and deceit practised upon you, than to have your faith and hope in human love shattered forever.

W. A. S.





CATAMARBA
SPEEL'S OWL

THE CATAMARAN AND THE OWL.

(POLYPUS URBIS.)

(STRIX SPEELII.)

EVER since we were first thrown into an ecstasy of delight, and burst off a shirt-collar button in a paroxysm of laughter, at a squint of the happy illustration of the vision of little "Billy Vidkins," we have been an humble believer in the truth and impressibility of dreams. And particularly so, when they accorded with our own hopes and desires.

More recently, our personal experience and observation have led us to the flattering conclusion, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that for once in our life, at least, we are right. One dream especially, intimately connected with the subject of our sketch, gave us no small degree of uneasiness, and what may be called a *slight* nervous trepidation; but was happily followed by a train of inconceivable pleasures, and extravagant self-congratulations.

Last night, we all remember, was decidedly the warmest of the

season. The sky was more than ordinarily complacent, the stars winked and twinkled, and the moon smiled, and was more than once suspected of a broad grin—so every one imagined, and some would have sworn to it. The air was heated and oppressive; anguish and despair were depicted in wry faces; drops and streams of perspiration supplied the place of parched and dried-up tears. Animation, spirit, thought, hope, were in the last agonies of expiring fortitude. At the proper hour, after a vain attempt to read the Comic History, and smoke a cigar, we toddled to our bed-chamber, or rather to our sleeping-apartment in the back attic. We looked blackly through the trap-door up to the sky; we frowned extensively, clenched our hands and made fists of them, and absolutely grated our teeth, stumps included, while we, from our heart, scorned the mockery and tantalizing grimaces of what were anything to us but heavenly objects. After this performance, feeling better, we actually buried our head in the pillow, with our boots on. But we were not alone, or unoccupied. The sweet melody of the night-watcher, the true and faithful mosquito, filled the sullen air with the most lively, acute, and brisk music, disturbed the while by our restlessness under these harmonic influences.

We thought of terrapins, and canvas-back, and turtle-soup. We thought of the last glass of Hock, and of the curling smoke of that "Neptuno," which cost us nothing, because Barbe could not change an "X." Then we thought of sleep, and made up our minds to enjoy in our favorite dreams, the delicacies that were then lingering in our imagination. Did we dream? you ask. Yes, we did—but such a dream! Soon we were buried in the arms of the "Murpheys," we think they call him. How long we slept, we cannot tell. We awakened, however; at least, that is our present impression. Who but ourself can picture the distressed state of our outer and inner man? Truly, "a change had come o'er the spirit of our dreams." The voluptuous luxuries, and epicurean festivities had been transmuted into the most dire, revolting, and horrific scene. The room was dark

and still; the night-air whispered portentously, the ragged curtain flapped weird-like—a chilling, brimstonish moon-beam crawled stealthily along the wall. This we discovered with one eye opened, peeping from under the pillow. When we raised our head, and ventured to open the other blinker, we muttered quite audibly (for we heard it), sighed, groaned, and whistled. Our hair was frowsy and dishevelled; our cleanest collar, which we were too lazy, or too tired to take off, drooping, degenerate and fallen. We were trembling, aching and shaking. We had been relieved of one boot, which stood on the floor, a monument of the dissipated phantasmagoria. We wondered where we were, and who we were. Through our aching brain yet passed in tumultuous order, and numbers, the most loathsome and terrific shadows and spectres. We were the victim offered up to appease the anger and appetite of lizards, vipers, bats, toads, frogs, tad-poles, scorpions, owls, and crocodiles. Our memory revisited the scene enacted during our sleep, and recalled but poorly, the gaunt, gloomy, gray vision. Rearing, tearing, clawing, and scratching through the multitude of ghouls and goblins that infested the air, with small, bleared, inflamed eyes; flabby, greasy, bloated and pimpled mug; grayish red, twisted, and rumpled hair; long yellow decayed teeth; a large, flat, rummy nose, graced with a tuft of hair, came an animal that seemed to threaten instant “smiffication.”

To its tongue there was no end—though literally there was. Mumbling, maunching, grumbling, growling, screaming and screeching, it presided over the midnight orgies. Before it, all its satellites crouched in fear. Vipers eyed their tails as the last hope of their existence; lizards turned pale and sick; toads and frogs fell upon their knees, and croaked for their “dear-lives;” crocodiles prepared to swallow themselves, and every object and their every movement bespoke terror and dismay. Really, we thought we were about to be consigned to the “demnition bow-wows,” and seized hold of the bed-post to prepare for the worst, determined, at all hazards, to take the bed with us. Anon we heard shrill and piercing cries, unintelligible

sounds, and musically nasal twangs. We heard mutterings and whispers about shad, cat-fish, mackerel, water-melons, cantaleups, tomatoes and other vegetables; something was said about ham, puddings, and sausages; but that was unnecessary, we smelt them, and actually saw them. They danced and capered about in high dudgeon, as if they had wings, and arms, and legs. We saw water-melons that actually made faces at us. The cold perspiration trickled down us, as we smothered ourself in the pillow, and prepared for another snooze. That dream still haunted us, and we must have snored lustily. Again we were awakened; we thought we smelt an owl, for we had dreamed of one. At first, lest we might be mistaken, we were afraid to look towards the head-board, from whence we heard a rustling noise. We cried out, "Who's there?" and looked up at the same time. The question was enough, the look was enough, the owl thought it enough, and distinctly said, "It is enough!" We were tickled and good-humored—we were about to laugh, then to cry, but we laughed. We had found an acquaintance, a friend, company, a human face with a beard, and good-looking, too. Friend, it was Speel's owl. It was Speel, full of fun and frolic, jovial and clever—a practical joker. He had come, we suppose, to vex and nettle us, knowing our nocturnal proclivities, and our love of viands and wines.

We thought it a good joke, chuckled, hemmed and hawed, remember having said "Can't come it", with our thumb to our nose. It appeared he took the hint, for he had gone. At last, thanks to the mosquitos, morning came; they had even stung night itself, until the blood started, indicated by the blushing dawn. We were just adjusting our tile, preparatory to our morning walk, when our friend Stephens, the Comic Artist, was announced. We, of course, prepared for such a distinguished individual, our blandest smiles, and most winning grace. "Good morning, Bullanonions," said he, "here is a cut of the 'Catamaran and the Owl,' let's have a history at the shortest notice." Well, here was a go. Who had ever heard of the

Catamaran? Who was it? What was it? What did Arthur Gride call Peg Sliderskew? A Catamaran. "Enough said.—My dear sir, it shall be done."

Our friend had gone out, so had our cigar, which we lighted again. We drew our hat over our eyes, gave a long puff, involuntarily attacked our ear with our forefinger, as we made the longest and loosest kind of a face. Our dream recurred to us, its interpretation followed as a natural sequence. We had heard, during the season of our juvenility, repeated and emphatic allusions to the Catamaran; but we never had the good or bad fortune of a personal inspection, and therefore, always felt at a loss to conceive what it could be like. As we tried to solve our dream, favorably, of course, the extraordinary circumstance of the early visit of Stephens, and the character of his business, afforded us a most happy and original thought. It was our destiny to write this history; we had had a presentiment of it. Our path to literary and scientific fame now became smooth, as our bright hopes illuminated its tortuous windings and meanderings. To immortalize the Catamaran, was to immortalize ourself. The time, the occasion, the circumstance, the subject, and the object, were all important, and we, too, determined to be important. To mature our thoughts by close observation, personal inquiry and investigation, we concluded to travel. The Pines of Jersey became our destination. Off we started, leaving as usual, our shirt collars at home. No sooner had we crossed the street, than a rejuvenated old maid, who, at sundry times, had made divers attempts to besiege our heart, thinking, perhaps, that we were about to take our final exit, and in the despair of a broken heart, absolutely, from her window, showed the extreme length of her tongue, closing one eye to give effect to the display. Laughing in our sleeve, we made a note of this in our memorandum book, under the caption—Catamaran. Shortly after, we heard a family quarrel; hastening to the scene, we found man and wife tearing each other's hair, and manifesting other connubial eccentricities. "Shameful," said we, as we rushed to the rescue of

the weaker sex. "Horrible," said we, as we left, relieved of our coat-tail. When we were able, we wrote—Catamaran! Not long after this adventure, our ears were gratified with the sweetest combination of sounds, and melifluous cadences. In a neighboring alley, as we passed, a group of women, old and young, were evincing the most hostile preparations. We heard loud threats, sonorous epithets, and painful screams. Brooms, scrubbing-brushes, mangles, mops and skewers, flew about majestically. Something was said about "buying law, and perjury," and we left, exclaiming, Catamarans! In every adventure, our dream arose vividly in our mind, and in them we found a painful realization of our illusion. Returning home, we passed through the market, or rather we intended to do so; we did not go far—"the cat was out of the bag"—here was our dream to perfection. Sausage-venders, truck-dealers, fish-hucksters, haberdashers, and cake and pie caterers, all were here. Billingsgate loomed up before us, as we thought we were there. Abstracted, we did not know where we were, until we fell over a fish-basket, and found ourself escaping from the enraged, yet amiable Catamarans.

In concluding, we must add, that we have abandoned our belief in dreams, as well as the study and science of Natural History. In our retirement, we will ever think of this memorable dream, and its consequences. As we can see no sympathy or congeniality between our friend Speel and shrews and termagants, we will wonder, to our last hour, how he was associated with such unenviable company. We can only be satisfied with a personal explanation: perhaps the King-bird, his boon companion and messmate, can tell us. We hope, hereafter, he will keep clear of such associates. As for you, dear friend, we wish the same; if you are a lady, we wish you may ever remain one; that is, a lady, not a shrew. For ourself, we are perfectly docile; and never dream, either of Terrapins or Catamarans. While we condole the loss of one, we congratulate the absence of the other.

C. F. E.





Lith. in color.

WOODPIEC KIE TR.

THE WOODPECKER.

(PICUS GITHONIS MAJOR.)

ONE of the primary objects of the present book has been, and is, to correct the many errors of preceding writers in the department of science of which this our work treats; and to disabuse the public mind of the many false notions that have obtained by the too ready credence given to the statements of those authors whose works have so long been regarded as standard, and whose opinions so implicitly received, that many even now hold it heresy to doubt them. For the benefit of those who have been thus misled, we will first expose the misrepresentations of previous writers, and then give the results of our observations on the character and habits of the Picus. And although we *draw* but an individual of the genus, yet it is such a beautiful specimen on which to generalize, exhibiting in itself all the better characteristics of its tribe, that all may feel assured, ours is a faithful portrait.

The celebrated wood engraver, author of the "History of British Birds, etc. etc.," Thomas Bewick, whose opportunities for observing and acquiring a thorough knowledge of the character and habits of this interesting bird were so much greater than all preceding Ornithologists, that we might reasonably have expected from him the most complete history of it, yet so meagre and erroneous is his description, as to lead us to the conclusion that he intentionally *cut it*, (the bird, not the description) therefore he should not be quoted as authority at all.

Buffon describes its length as "somewhat more than nine inches;"—"somewhat more," we think also, as the individual we describe extends a fraction over that measurement, being exactly six feet. He further tells us that "the head is wholly crimson;" in the specimen whose portrait is given herewith, it is of a dark brown, and we are sorry to add, shows a seeming tendency towards premature baldness of the crown.

Yarrell states that "this bird is one of the earliest to retire to rest, and *reposes in its hole* till day." The *Picus Gihonis*, however, is not of this habit, being seldom found in its nest, until after most other birds have "shaken up their straw;" nor have we ever known it to comply with that request so frequently made, "go in your hole."

The *Gihonis* seldom associates with birds of its own species, except when engaged in the occupation by which its sustenance is procured, and from whence its name of *Picus* is derived; but from among the feathered race, chooses for companions, birds seemingly of very different character from its own,—but who, in fact, possess qualities in sympathy with it; thus for instance, we frequently see our specimen of the *Picus*, in company with the Hen, hovering about the roost of the Canvas-Back Duck, and so great is the regard of the "*Dux Pictor Woodsideii*" for these companions, that when with them, it is seldom or never known to take to the *water*, or if it does,—there must, as the sagacious Sowers observes, "*be something in it.*"

We have now to speak of the principle characteristic of the *Picus*,

namely its habit of pecking wood. This operation it performs with the most remarkable dexterity, the perforations it makes being found to assume the most curious and beautiful forms; representing the various productions of nature and art, in such an accurate manner, that of late years the Doctors and scientific men generally, have been at much pains to procure the bits of wood that have passed under its bill, and have applied them to various purposes tending to the advancement of science and the spread of knowledge.

Messrs. Blanchard & Lea, the celebrated Publishers of Philadelphia, have taken much interest in the productions of this bird, and are in possession of a very extensive collection of the wood-blocks wrought by our *Picus*, which though they value very highly, they generously offer from them to supply the public with impressions, to whatever extent they may be demanded. These gentlemen have frequently and minutely examined the *bill* of the *Picus Gihonis*, and assure us, that it is five per cent. less than has been represented.

Yarrell informs us that it labors principally upon the elm and beech; this we presume to be simply an error in orthography, and that *beach* was intended. As our *Picus* was known to pay a *flying* visit to,—and was frequently seen, *hopping* about Cape May during the present season; and as to its “laboring principally upon the elm,” as Yarrell states, we are satisfied that it has a decided preference for the box wood; this may however be considered its *graver* occupation, for when thus engaged it has a very sober air, although holding a glass continually under its bill; and when deprived of this its favorite employment, it will pick anything within reach; though we would make exception in favor of pockets and quarrels. By the way, speaking of quarrels, perhaps some of our readers, (should we be lucky enough to have any) may feel disposed to quarrel with us for being so prolix. Therefore we at once cut the *cutter*.







Look in colour.

NIGHT HAWK.

THE NIGHT HAWK.

(NOCTIVAGANS CAPTIVERDENS.)

IN the twilight, in the darkness,
Where the human tide doth flow,
Flits the Night-hawk, ever watchful,
Eagerly seeking to and fro ;
While her siren voice is murmuring,
Invitation soft and low.

Once a warm and sunny creature,
Basking in the noontide ray ;
Now she seeks the darkness ever,
Now she shuns the garish day ;
Gliding through the misty twilight,
Seeking ever for her prey.

Once she was a maiden beauteous,
With a gladsome, gleeful smile;
But the serpent twined around her,
And his winning voice, the while,
Won her by his arts deceiving,
Won her by his tongue of guile.

Fallen from her high position,
Fallen from her pure estate;
Shunned by those who should protect her,
Lonely now and desolate;
Struggling blindly in the vortex,
Onward sweeps she to her fate.

In the distance, fading from her,
Face averted, stern and cold,
Vainly seeks the wrongéd maiden
For a love look as of old;
But the world hath claims above her,
And they dare not be so bold.

Dare not call the lost and erring,
Homeward to return again,
For the loving Christian women,
And the pious Christian men,
Frown upon the sin-discovered,
(Ah! no pity for her then!)

None to save her, lost forever,
Rushing madly to her fall,
Onward, in the path of pleasure,
Closing round her like a pall:
Ishmaelite! she turns upon them,
Enemy alike of all.

"Look now upon this picture, then upon this !"

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS: BY THOMAS HOOD.

One more Unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death.

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care ;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair.

Look at her garments,
Clinging like cerements ;
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing ;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing.

Touch her not scornfully ;
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly :
Not of the stains of her,
All that remains of her
Now, is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny
Rash and undutiful ;
Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,
One of Eve's family—
Wipe those poor lips of hers
Oozing so clammy.

Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb,
Her fair auburn tresses :
Whilst wonderment guesses
Where was her home ?

Who was her father ?
Who was her mother ?
Had she a sister ?
Had she a brother ?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other ?

Alas for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun !
Oh ! it was pitiful !
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly,
Feelings had changed :
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence ;
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With may a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood with amazement,
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch,
Or the black-flowing river:
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurled—
Any where, any where,
Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran,—
Over the brink of it,
Picture it,—think of it,
Dissolute man!
Lave in it, drink of it
Then if you can!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young and so fair!
Ere her limbs frigidly

Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently,—kindly,
Smooth and compose them :
And her eyes, close them,
Staring so blindly !

Dreadfully staring
Through muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurred by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity
Into her rest.
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast !

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behaviour,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour !

W. A. S.





Am. B. 1841

SUN BIRD.

THE SUN BIRD.

(FILIIUS WALLACEI.)

WE have heard of the Sun-fish, the Sun-flower, and the Sonney : but in no Christian country was ever a Sun-bird heard of ere this. The "Bird of the Sun," it is true, is our national deity—in modern mythology—and hence the 'Eagle' is a type of Liberty : but because it is so, it does not follow that the Egalité of the Eagle is the Sun-bird. We can trace no relationship between the two, unless a sort of cousinship, third removed. The Eagle is the Bird of Liberty ; yes, that's the first proposition. WALLACE bled for Liberty ; yes, that's the second proposition, the second removed. Then the blood *for* Liberty is a connection in a third degree with the blood *of* Liberty : consequently, WALLACE, the "Sun-bird," is third cousin to the "Bird of the Sun." Q. E. D.

We have said that the Sun-bird is rare in Christian countries. It is known to exist in Africa—a benighted country : hence a bird of a

benighted country is a bird of night. Now, a bird of night is the Owl; which leaves us in the unpleasant position of showing that the Sun-bird is an Owl. Sir Wallace, then, is the proper prefix of the bird. Sir Wallace Sunbird! Why! because to be knighted is to be made a "Sir." If this bird is the offspring of a benighted country, is it *sir-tain* (which is the old Norman-french, we suppose, for) "*to be knighted?*"

We do not know why it is there are so few Sun-birds in this latitude. The "daily issue" of the "Sun"-bird would assume a large progeny; but we expect they all go to waste, or waste away, but never decline, however. This subject is so full of astounding contradictions, and physico-theological enigmas, and physiological abstruseness, and ornithological metaphysics, that we beg to leave its further discussion to those who are under the "daily press" of such investigations.





CATON'S WARBLER.

THE CATORN WARBLER.

(HISTRIONIA FESTIVA.)

LIKE the prudent but generous host of old, who reserved his "supernaculum" till the end of the feast, in order that the tastes of his guests might not be offended by any adulterated mixtures before taking leave, so we, in writing our last remarks in the concluding number of "The Comic Natural History," select for and present to our thousand-and-eleven readers; a "stirrup-cup," with which all will be pleased, if on the score of gallantry alone. On this occasion, we must regard our readers in the secondary character of guests,—ourself the host, and the subject before us our farewell offering; in doing so, however, we make no sacrifice on the "altar" of the original, we only present each of you with a copy thereof, being the nearest approach we can make to it.

Lest some of those individuals who are anxious to see each number as it is published, (but who never by any chance buy one,) and who

are assiduous in their labors to make you acquainted with every little error and impropriety, (but who carefully conceal all that's witty and striking in illustration)—lest these should debate the correctness of the title of our chapter—as doubtless they will—we beg to state, that it is the “very latest style” of “orthography,” applied to “orn”-ithology. The characters most in use, would render the name thus, “Kate Horn’s Warbler.”—This appellation doubtless had its origin in some cockney sportsman, who for the most part

“Nickname Heaven’s creatures,
And make their wantonness their ignorance;”

but having “the London Stamp” upon it, we presume our novel classification will be sneered at as an innovation: to save all which, we will compromise the question, by pursuing our “bird,” under the title by which it will be at once recognized.

The “Kate Horn Warbler” is not so much celebrated for its singing qualities, as it is for its “general” musical voice, which appeals to the soul at once, and “enlists” you in its “caws.” Its size is fine and commanding; in shape, every thing the heart could desire; head nicely proportioned; breast—but we refer our readers to the artist’s portraying, lest in being too prolific in our labors, we detract from his merits. If we err not, this beautiful “Warbler” was first introduced to the public, by that great connoisseur, Mitchell, of Olympic notoriety, in the Empire City; he also introduced many others of equal, and some of greater celebrity; the “Taylor Bird,” in No. 3, for example; also the (Mose) “Giraffe” in No. 1. But to return,—the “Kate Horn” warbler does not often frequent our city’s limits; she paid us a “flying” visit in the spring, however, nestling in the “Walnut” grove; her stay, though short, was long enough to make all the old “bird catchers’” fingers itch to get hold of her, seeing which, off she “flew” again, saying, “I’m not to be caught!” Many “sparks” followed her “track,” but they were all left behind in despair; most of them, we have every reason to believe, were magic-

ally transformed into a certain "green" grasshopper kind of insect, for they answered every interrogation, by saying "Katy-did"—"Katy-did." But what the mischief it was she did, we have never yet found out; perhaps by the time this volume undergoes a second edition, we may be able to communicate the fact,—if not, the reader may make up his mind that "Katy-didn't." We remember seeing her in a beautiful "Garden" in New York, but there was too much *Tim(m)*-idity about her to set her off to advantage; at other times we have strolled into the "Park," where she had every reason to "plume" herself on the favorable impression she created. Often, when thinking of her beauties and attractions, we have been surprised to see the 14th of February come again and again, without this "Warbler" having found her "mate";—we were at a loss to account for it, till, of a sudden it came into our mind that, in this age of Temperance and Father Matthew-dom, the "taking a Horn" is strongly prohibited. (Firemen "exempt.") Were we in the singular number—and there are a number who will not think us singular—we would not wait the return of Leap Year to be asked to "take a Horn;" but acting on the principle that, if the water won't come to the man, the man must go to the water, we would (speaking nautically) "round the Horn," and boldly offer ourself; if put "aback," (nautically again) we should rush wildly out,—"take a Horn" in spite of every thing—think a little—swear a great deal more—several "little Horns" would appear in rapid succession, but like Othello,

"Our great revenge had stomach for them all;"

then sleep and dream of "matchless" Kate, and "Horns of plenty" or "plenty of Horns," which are one and the same thing, and all in the family. In conclusion, we cannot restrain our selfishness, but candidly express our wish and desire that this pleasing "warbler" would come and "perch" among us here in the City of Brotherly Love. Can New York boast of greater inducements than we can offer?

—let us know, for we are not easily outdone. If money is the object, that is easily settled, for that is made easily here, and abundantly; in fact, to use a hackneyed phrase, “people *coin* money here”—because we have the “Mint.” If nothing will induce you to come, “pretty bird,” all that we can say is, that we hope you will “fly” over as often as you can, and let us have an occasional peep at you. May you enjoy happiness and prosperity, during a life of usefulness to others, thereby ensuring a double share of comfort to yourself. In this cordial wish hundreds are joined; not least among the number, is your friend

T. McK.





ALMS HOUSE BIRD.

THE ALMS-HOUSE BIRD.

(PAUPERTINUS CONCEDENS.)

THERE are few, among what are termed enlightened men, who believe in "destiny"—in that "blind chance" which controls the direction and end of man, in his flight through life. There are many to be found of a far less degree of intellectual superiority, who regard the cause of their flight, and the final resting place, as obedient to a power, which, under the name of 'destiny,' exerts, as it is said, an influence, opposed as it must be to every idea, of mental or moral self-agency. Singularly blessed to the enervated mind and character of those of this latter class, must assuredly be a doctrine, which thus palliates, excuses, or justifies an inertia, that leaves man to the effects of causes over which he seeks to make no effort for control. It may not be improperly said, that destiny is an occult influence, which belongs to the instinct world; but over that creation of Immortal

Mind, a far different principle exerts its power. Of man it has been too truly said,

“There is a *divinity* which shapes our ends,
Rough hew them as we may.”

We have prefaced our remarks on the Alms-house Bird, by the foregoing reflections, very much under the same motive that begets a “preface” to a book; in the which one reads the how, the why, and the wherefore the said book was written.

Now, of all the birds that flock to that great bird-cage, where some feed—sleep—hatch their eggs—and hibernate; and from which, at proper intervals, they migrate, scarce one will be found who does not attribute his being there, to “destiny,” the “luck,” or “fate” of every-day life.

You see, on the Broadway of the city, a youth of good appearance, hair on his chin and lip, and head oiled and perfumed, patent leather boots, a rakish looking coat, and hat sleek and shining, with a tinge on his cheek, and a redness of the eye—walking listlessly, without aim, object or motive. His life is passed between a neglected home, a saloon, or a theatre. He drinks with his compeers, smokes for his society, dreads the aloneness of his chamber, and seeks dissipation in every form, to excite or amuse. Thus waging a relentless war against time, in the vain hope of “killing it;” his mind unregulated or unimproved; no thought except for the billiards or the brandy; careless about the present, regardless of the future, and no disposition to contemplate the past. His support is to be found in very limited means, baseless credit, a taste for borrowing, in the hope that on the billiard table, some “pool” of Bethesada may cure his ills—associating with debts due, the idea of borrowing to pay them.

Stop this young man in the morning of a day—reason with him on his conduct, and ask him as to his prospects? The answer will ever be found in the listless, desponding, heart-sickening exclamation—

tion, "'Tis my destiny! why try to change my luck? fate is against me." Let a few years pass. Go to the Alms-house bird-cage. See, perched upon a bench, a bloated, wretched, debased, degraded inebriate; his feathers are plucked out, his body scarcely covered by a fragment of its proper covering, tattered and torn,—its face distorted, discolored and diseased,—the eye swollen, and vacant and lustreless. He has winged his course under this fatal influence, and now, gathering around him only that solace which is drawn from a faith in such "a destiny," the "*Alms-house Bird*" has sought and found, the fitting nest of such novitiate.

Or, if in your walks through life, you see an amiable, social, self-conceited man, the dupe of artful frauds, with a good business that supplies all his wants, and more—the family at home, happy in an ample support; sad only in the thought that husband and father avoids their society and neglects his duties. If perchance you discover that this man indulges in innocent amusements, is given only to occasional irregularity, that his constant associates are "good fellows," and his accustomed resorts are those places where appetite, lust, play, late suppers and like extravagancies, are ever the household words,—money spent, lost, unpaid and squandered, business gone, family broken-up and destitute, the father a shame to his children, the misery of the wife, the despised of his boon companions, and the avoided of his real friends. Day by day he drags his individuality and his ignominy from street to street—poor in the worst sense of poverty,—aching with disease of body, distracted by disease of mind,—a spectacle to the passer-by, in his downcast look, his abandon-air—his wretched garb, and his dismal, dark, woe-foreboding prospects—when you see such a character in such condition, then, as in a last effort for life, miserable and outcast as it is, he raises his feeble wings and flutters, an "*Alms-house Bird*," into an existence without a hope, the child of this "destiny."

A visit to this pauper aviary, is not time lost. Much is said about the economy of Nature, but there is no economy like that of the

Guardians of the Poor! The "wards" under their charge are no spendthrifts—this power has been exercised too well. All that is left of it is the task of "spending their days"—an outlay, that "costs" nothing but sighs and soliloquies. These birds warble only but one note,—on the same "key"—which is, so far as "keepers" and "kept" are concerned, is a "see-sharp." Their plumage is remarkable; it is always the same color, a pepper-and-salt mixture. Their food is coarse, the seed given is the re-seed-uum of the markets, which, in satisfying their appetites, rarely suc-seed-s, as it is beyond all doubt, that there are many pre-seed-ents for every de-seed-ent.

The young birds are numerous in this bird cage. Very. It is a singular feature in the history of these little ones, that at their being hatched, they are almost always nameless. Although they belong to a well ascertained genus—being each of that class called "*nullius filius*." Their maternity is known, but the paternity is often a matter of serious doubt, and gives rise to many trials, to determine—and when they are over, it is often "farther"-off than ever. We have known twelve men make a man *a father*, when he could not do it for himself. So much for "penal" laws. What is most astounding in the history of these little Alms-house Birds, has been related by one well acquainted with the "subject." He says:—"It has been known as a fact, that a white female bird, has hatched an egg which gave a white female young bird, the offspring of—"black-mail." It is asserted so to be, on the authority of some "duck," who has been "plucked," and ought to know. We could give more credit to the assertion, if "A Goose" had "endorsed" either the black-mail or the story.

We have spoken of a visit to this bird-cage, and have noted three kind of birds, which have attracted the attention of visitors. Well, surely we have done all that could be expected of us. No book of travels, no letter to the Editor of "the widely-circulating Journal," has ever furnished to its readers, more on such a subject, than we have given. Now, it is a very hard thing to write on "The

Alms-house Bird"—where's the fun in such a poor subject—poverty-stricken in every sense? Fun in an Alms-house Bird!! Fun? What on earth ever induced an Editor of a Comic History, to take an Alms-house Bird as a fit subject for his book? A good deal more like a "subject to fits." It is most properly located as the last plate—for no one ever went to the Alms-house till after its last plate. Therefore, we expect to be under the "press"-ing necessity of getting "a card" to admit "self." No! no! we forget, *Editors* are on the "free list."

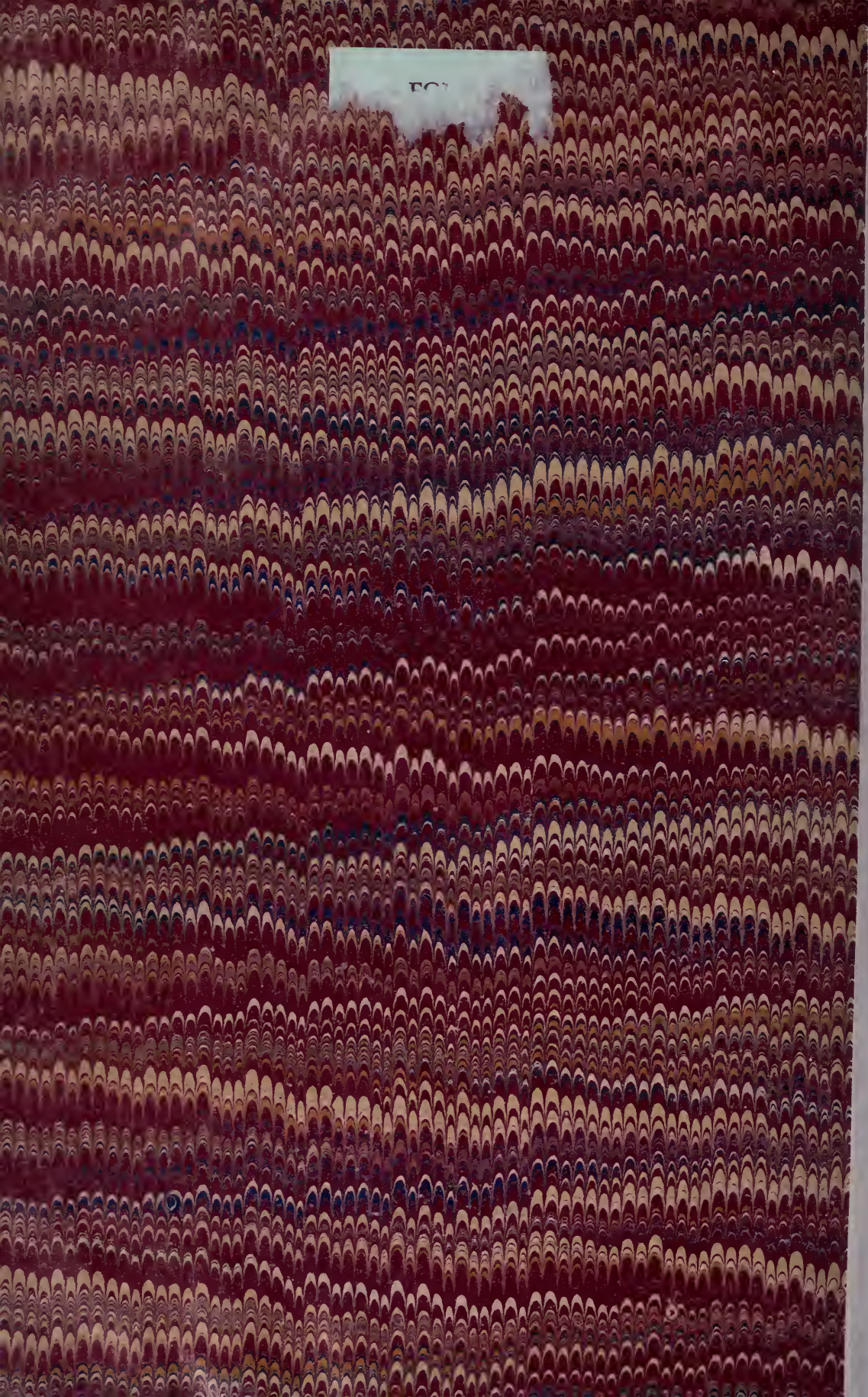
It is by no means, of course it is, *no means* lead to the means, to get into the Alms-house. It is by no means certain, that one of these days, when the wind is East, a flock of birds will be discovered in the air, just over the house tops, going west. The close observer, or rather an observer that is close enough, will discover our Editor, our Author, our Publisher, and Ourselves—the Printer is in another flock—all "destined," *i. e.*, under the influence of his "destiny," impelled to the aviary on the banks of the Schuylkill. It must be so, or else the far-seeing Author would never have so singularly and prophetically arranged, after "Gold-fish," and "Larks," and "Hum-bugs," and "Suckers," and "Sharks," and "Terrapins," "Wharf Rats" and "Jail-birds," and "Gallows-birds," and "*Literary-birds*," that the end was an "*Alms-house Bird*." Too true, indeed, we fear will be the "fate" of our efforts, that we shall be obliged to invite the custody of the Guardians of the *Poor*. In fact, we are forced to relate it, one of that body of men has been after us already. He charges us, we hear, with being the father of a "*Legal-bird*," and as most of these birds can't support themselves, and become a charge on the city, he, as a Guardian of the Poor, wants us to give security for its maintenance. We can't do it; but as the "King" can do no wrong, we expect the King is right in "taking surety," if he can get it. All we have to offer, is a complete set of this Comic Natural History. This ought to be ample—unless it be thought insolvent and worthless, under the vulgar notion, that he who begins in "Law,"

will end in the "Alms-house." Our History gives color to that idea, if you contrast the *first* and the *last* picture of the series. Melancholy reflection! Sorry sight! There's no wonder we can't make any "fun" or "comicality" at "this present writing." Who ought to expect it? Whoever he may be, just let him transform himself into a "Literary-bird," live by his pen, use his quills to get his bread, and ere long, instead of bread he'll get "a stone;" his quills will be found to be "bills," and all his "articles" together, however much they may be food for the mind, will not suffice for a mouthful for the body. A garret, a cellar, or an alley, will shelter him from the storm, and "at the end," he will discover himself in all the peculiarities of style of the "Alms-house Bird."

Kind reader! we have closed our History—and with it, the leaves of our book are full. Our purse is empty. We have made the first effort in a species of Comic Literature, hitherto unknown in our city. We have spared neither time nor exertion,—mind and hands have been taxed to their utmost. Hope whispered, we should succeed. Fear, that we would fail. We "drew" from our fancy on the canvas, and canvassed our fancy in that "type," which seemed to offer a favorable reception from the public. Our course is run—the "end is come," and whether it be "fate," "luck," or "destiny," or all or either, we know not, it surely can't be that "*divinity*," so to shape our end. We find ourself, with the exclamation "I'm off!" in our mouth, nothing in our pocket, with an empty stomach, and an exhausted mind, pen blunt, and pencil sharpless,—an "*Alms-house Bird*."



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